UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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Original Poetry.

SONG OF THE PESTILENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Over valley, over mountain,
  Over castle gray,
Over forest, over fountain,
  Lies my weary way;
At my coming horror floweth,
  O'er the gathered throng
Bloom to pale corruption goeth,
  As I flit along.

Never lip with beauty beaming,
  Smiled to see me pass;
Youth of spring and roses dreaming,
  Cried, "alas, alas!"
I have seen the monarch sleeping,
  With the vile and mean;
I have seen the lizard creeping,
  Where the song hath been.

I have heard the charger neighing,
  Where the priestess trode;
I have seen the shrine decaying,
  Where the pilgrim bowed;
Beauty sat beside her lover,
  By a shady stream,
And her bloom as I passed over,
  Faded like a dream.

I have heard the jackal howling,
  Where the timbrel rang;
I have seen the desert scowling,
  Where the myrtle sprang;
Yonder city lately streaming,
  With a heavenly light;
Arch and fane, and pillar beaming,
  On the dazzled sight—
As I passed her o'er, grew lonely,
  As the "Nightly" shore;
Now a mockery, mockery only,
  Of the days of yore;
Yonder castle stark and lofty,
  Quelled the cannon shower,
I at midnight passing softly,
  Spoiled her of her power.

When shall end my wanderings dreary?
  When the sun shall die;
When shall faint my pinions weary?
  When the rivers dry;
Over terrace, over mountain,
  Over castle gray,
Over desert, pool and fountain,
  Lies my weary way.

Del. College, Newark.

Original Tales.

GABLE END FARM.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOW OR NEVER."

CHAPTER II.

So Isaac died and was buried, and in so quiet a way that even Gattie and Hiley were not invited to the funeral. Nelly Niles, who had no great respect for him while living, *took on* as they say, most dreadfully, for a week or two after his death, for she found that the poor simple soul, instead of spending two-thirds of his salary on himself, had actually insured to his family the sum of fourteen thousand dollars.

Maria Loring mourned with a sober grief; Isaac was not a man to create warm affections,—her heart was centred in her children, there she loved most tenderly and judiciously. Not knowing the value of her own farm, and knowing that her husband could not have saved much, if any money, she brought her children up industriously and humbly. Aunt Nelly fairly worshipped them all, only nestling closer to the babies—as if they were not all babies—[illegible] to the others, though, in time, even these

It was full a month after Isaac's death that Gattie and Hiley walked out to Gable End Farm; the strawberries were quite ripe, and cream in great plenty, so that visiters were flocking up in great numbers, as little conscious of the death of Mrs Loring's husband as if he had never existed. It was on Sunday afternoon that the partners found themselves in the long room of the farm, and before they had fairly seated themselves, Aunt Nelly placed a dish of strawberries and a pitcher of cream before them. They had not yet uttered a sentence, for their simple hearts were quite overcome at the thoughts of their old and faithful clerk. Aunt Nelly was dressed in black, and they naturally concluded that she was Isaac's wife, so, instead of eating the fruit, they both stared at her, and in such a wild manner as to disconcert and perplex her.

"Well, gentlemen," said she, at length, "you had better take your fill of the strawberries than of looking at me; I am not worth so much attention, and more than that, I never was good looking even in my younger days. We don't make a practice of giving fruit and cream on Sunday, but as you seemed strangers, like, and might not know our rules, I thought you should not be balked. Pray eat, and ask for more, for we take no money on Sunday, though you are quite as welcome as if you paid."

At that moment, two little girls, just beginning to talk so as to be understood, ran in from the next room, the door of which Aunt Nelly had accidentally left open.

"Oh, Gattie and Hiley," exclaimed Nelly Niles,—which made Gattie and Hiley start, for they thought she addressed them—"what brought you here!"

"Why 'tis Sunday," said little Gattie, "and you always told us that we might come in the hall on Sunday."

It then occurred to the partners that Isaac had mentioned his having given their names to two of his children, and here, to their great astonishment, were their little namesakes.

"Whew!" whistled Gattie, "here they are, Massy, both of them; if you can tell which is which, it is more than I can, but they look very much like poor Ike—Isaac—don't you think so?"

"N-o-no," whispered Hiley, "not much like Ike—Isaac—nor much like this lady."

"Why should they look like me?" asked Aunt Nelly, breaking in upon their loud whisper, "I am not their mother; she is another guess looking woman than I am, and a deal younger."

"We should like to see all the children," said Gattie, bashfully. "Can we see them all? for we hear that there are fourteen."

"Yes, you may see them, it being Sunday, but we do not make a show of our little girls. I will tell Mrs. Loring and she will bring them all in."

The two little girls, by this time, were seated on the knees of the partners, Hiley taking little Gattie, and Gattie taking little Hiley, which was in strict accordance with their affection for each other. In a few moments, in came Mrs. Loring, already anticipating that the gentlemen were her husband's old masters, and following her close came ten little girls, Aunt Nelly bringing up the rear with the twin babies.

Perhaps they intended to cry when the widow of their faithful clerk approached them, perhaps *her* eyes might have overflown, but they were so utterly amazed at the number of legs, arms, heads, and hands that walked soberly into the room, and she was so taken up with their manner of receiving her children, that Isaac was quite forgotten.

"Can you count them, Peter?" said Hiley, wiping the heavy perspiration from his forehead, which reminded Gattie that his own forehead was wet. "Can you count them, for I can't, they squirm about so."

"One, two, three, four—pray stand still, little lady—five, six, seven, eight—"

"There are just fourteen," said Mrs. Loring, looking proudly and affectionately on the little group, some of which were clinging to her dress. "You have two on your laps, Aunt Nellie has two in her arms, and here are ten more."

"Yes, yes," said Hiley, "I see that there are ten, but where are the grown up girls, the oldest?"

It was Mrs. Loring's turn to stare. But recollecting herself, she marshalled the children according to their age and counted them off by pairs.

"There are the eldest, gentlemen; they are seven years and three months old, their names are Annie and Belinda,—this pair is six and three months, they are called Clara and Delia, for I had a fancy to go on with the A, B, C, at the beginning of their names. It was an innocent fancy, don't you think so?"

"Perfectly, perfectly," said both partners in a breath, "now go on with the rest."

So the fond mother, patting each little head, told their names and ages, and when she approached the little Gattie and Hiley, who were still seated as at first, she touched their soft silken curls, and observed with an unsteady voice, "These are called after you, gentlemen, for I am sure you must be my poor husband's masters, Gattie and Hiley."

Oh dear, oh dear, what a commotion was in that long hall on this Sunday afternoon, first Gattie cried and laughed, then Hiley laughed and cried, then the babies cried, and then they all screamed in concert, even Aunt Nellie keeping time with the loudest of them.

But Mrs. Loring soon hushed the children, and the partners were quite willing to laugh again, while the little flock, one by one went closer and closer, until the old bachelors were fairly surrounded. Some crept up behind the chair, others hung round their neck, but among all this scrambling for notice, the little Gattie and Hiley kept their seats. Never in their lives had the two ironmongers been in such a hubbub, never had they come in contact with children, excepting in a very uninteresting way, but to their own glad surprise, instead of being annoyed, they were delighted, and they did not give up romping till quite exhausted. Poor Isaac! The scene would have been more wonderful to him than to his two masters.

"Come again! come again!" said all the children that could articulate, and those that could not articulate clapped their little hands and looked up with glowing animated faces, for the two old gentlemen seemed to them as childish playmates. Arm in arm did they walk home lovingly, but so excited that there was no rest till Mrs. Simmons and Ben had the benefit of all that passed that afternoon. It need not be said that they repeated the visit the following week, and continued to go in the same way till the youngest girls were sixteen. Meantime Ben Simmons had grown up to man's estate and a clever fellow he turned out to. [illegible] He made a complete revolution in [illegible] that had long dark shop, opening a window [illegible] been shut up and replacing the greater part of the old fashioned clumsy articles with new ones. He did this gradually, so that Gattie and Hiley received no shock, on the contrary, [illegible] was a quicker motioned lad than poor Ike—Isaac, and that business was brisker than it had been for many years, for the shop was now running over with customers.

So well did all go on, that the two old gentlemen found it much more pleasant to stroll up to Gable End every fair afternoon, than to take a nap in their easy chair, and it soon followed that Ben Simmons took his tea there also every Sunday. In this way the family proceeded, the children were taught to read, write, and keep accounts, and Gattie and Hiley never ceased admiring their copy books nor ceased wondering at the ease with which each girl mastered the most difficult sums in arithmetic, the very sums that mastered *them* when they were at school themselves.

Gattie and Hiley made their wills, and it followed, as a matter of course, that the fourteen girls should be the heirs. They left little remembrances to Mrs. Loring and Aunt Nellie, and gave the old house and all the contents of the shop to Ben Simmons. All they had to leave was not much, however, somewhere between twenty and thirty thousand dollars, for as has been observed, they were satisfied with small profits. It was hard, very hard to part with the affectionate simple hearted old men, but their hour was come, and they died within a few days of each other. For the last year or two they lived together at Gable End, for Mrs. Simmons was dead, and they could not bear to encounter a new face, and Mrs. Loring insisted so strongly on their removal to her house that they had to yield, but it was real happiness to them, for they now could hear the merry laugh of the innocent girls from morning till night.

Mrs. Loring was now in her forty-fourth year, and Aunt Nellie was fifty, they had been so industrious and so prudent, that independently of the farm, there was in good securities ten thousand dollars. The insurance money was fourteen thousand dollars, and all this, with the property left by their kind hearted friends, amounted to forty-eight thousand dollars. No alteration was made in their way of living, excepting that they had two stout women servants, and two more men in the garden and orchard, for the trees were loaded with fruit, and the garden yielded abundantly.

But these fourteen sisters! it is incredible how much they were alike. They were all of the same height and shape, their hands and feet were exactly of the same size, and their faces so alike that even their mother, and Aunt Nellie could not always call them by their right names. The only way that Ben Simmons could tell his favorite from the rest was by a black mole on her cheek. He had a brotherly love for them all, but Emma was thrown more in his way, for she had fine business talents and could assist him in his calculations. It was a settled affair that in another year they were to marry, but it was also a settled thing that they were both to live at Gable End Farm.

Meantime the city had been creeping out towards the little farm, and already there was a street laid out on which some very good houses were built. Ben Simmons saw the time approaching when Gable End Farm would be intersected by streets and completely built up with brick and mortar. He once or twice hinted it to Mrs. Loring, but she would not listen to it, she was as much attached to the farm as to her children.

Up, up crept the city, and now there were six or seven new streets and a handsome church and school house nearly opposite Gable End. They soon became acquainted with the clergyman, Mr. Brudenell, and to this family he was very much indebted, for his wife was in bad health, and his two children, a boy and girl, were very much neglected. Aunt Nellie not only prepared little delicacies for the sick woman, but she brought the children home and took care of them through the day. Two such noisy, riotous little creatures were scarcely ever seen, and the patience of Mrs. Loring was severely tried, but the moment that Aunt Nellie hinted that the poor things would soon be motherless, all the dislike to the noise vanished.

It was quite amusing to see the perplexity of the whole family about the little boy, the girl they could manage very well, but there had never been a boy in the house, and they could not tell what was necessary to be done. At first they thought he required different food, just as some apiarists suppose that by feeding a neuter or working bee with food of a kind different from the rest, and keeping it warmer, it could be transformed into a queen or female bee. Aunt Nellie knew better, and could have enlightened the Loring family if they had confided their perplexities to her, but they did not, for they had not defined them with any distinctness to themselves. In a short time, however, they discovered that Edgar ate the same meats, puddings and custards as his sister Martha did, and that the clothes *he* wore were no warmer than hers. This being clearly settled, they, one and all, began a system of training, and the good effects were perceptible in a month, so that Mr. Brudenell blessed the hour when he accepted the call to the parish. Mrs. Brudenell died shortly after they lost the good old partners, Gattie and Hiley, and it was the most natural act in the world to keep the children with them altogether, for badly as they had been managed before, it would now be still worse.

Four men for the farm now, and three maids for the house, for, independently of the fourteen sisters, their mother, and Aunt Nellie, Ben Simmons and Mr. Brudenell were added to their household—

"Twenty-four of us," said Mrs. Loring, exultingly, "and the expenses are not greater than formerly, when we consider how much the farm has improved."

Mr. Brudenell had married a shrew and a slattern, two bad qualities which are scarcely ever combined, for your shrews are generally thrifty, notable women, and your slatterns are always careless and easy tempered. The poor man could scarcely realize the happiness, the comfort of his new situation; here was order, thrift and cheerfulness, and his children, with every indulgence that was consistent with health and moral training, were now as docile and as obedient as a parent could desire.

Of course the neighbors predicted that in less than a twelvemonth there would be a new Mrs. Brudenell, and it could not be doubted that the eldest sister, Anna, was to be the bride. But there was no approach to it amongst those most interested, for Mr. Brudenell showed no preference, apparently he liked one sister as well as the other.

"My dear Mrs. Loring," said he, one day, "it is quite time to settle for the [illegible] children and myself, if you would not think it you too [illegible] trouble, it would be doing me the greatest favor in the world to allow me to remain here permanently; but that I fear is impossible."

Mrs. Loring looked amazed—"What!" said she, "pay me for the little you eat and drink, I wonder what put that in your head. You had better not let Aunt Nellie hear you talk in that way, you would fall down very low in her good opinion, and that would be a pity. Pray, say no more, unless you are not quite as comfortable as you wish, in that case we will try and make you more so."

Mr. Brudenell blushed, poor man, here were not only comforts, but luxuries, and the greatest luxuries of all was the innocent prattle of the fourteen sisters. They were full of talk, and sensible talk, too, such as a domestic man would delight in, and which few enjoy. Anna was now about twenty-five, and no one can tell how many lovers she might have had, if her sisters had been less fond of hovering round her. Belinda was the next, and she likewise might have married but for a similar reason. Mr. Brudenell was aware of it, for he was a sensible and observing man, and knew very well that independently of the good looks and pleasant tempers of the sisters, the family was known to be in prosperous circumstances.

"Nellie is eighteen years old to-day," said Mrs. Loring to Aunt Nellie, "she will never marry, indeed, I doubt whether any of them, excepting Emma, will marry, they are so shy."

"They are not in the least shy," said Aunt Nellie, "how can you think so. As to their never marrying, I don't think it will be a hardship if they all remain single. Only think! suppose they were all to marry and each one have fourteen girls—let me see—fourteen times fourteen makes one hundred and ninety-six, bless my soul, how would you like to have one hundred and ninety-six grand-daughters. No, no, let us run no such risks, for we can't find fourteen Aunt Nellies to nurse them."

Mrs. Loring laughed heartily, and thought it would be a pleasant thing to have one hundred and ninety-six grand-daughters; but they had scarcely composed themselves, after this burst of merriment, when Anna came blushing into the room, and told her mother that Mr. Brudenell wanted to speak to her.

Aunt Nellie saw how it was, at once, and threw her arms round Anna's neck, kissing her tenderly.

"And so you approve of it, dear Aunt Nellie, do you?"

"Approve, why Mr. Brudenell is as near perfection as men can be, and you will be a happy wife, but, oh dear, how cramped we are for room. Emma and dear Ben Simmons have the promise of the south chamber, and that is the best in the house, whereas, Mr. Brudenell being a clergyman, ought to have the preference."

Emma disappeared long before Aunt Nellie finished her speech. She went immediately to her sisters, and they, innocent girls, not doubting that their mother would give her consent, covered Anna with kisses.

"My dear Mrs. Loring," began Mr. Brudenell.

"Call me dear mother," said the frank, good-hearted lady, on seeing his embarrassment. "I never had a son, and you and Ben Simmons, therefore, come like a blessing. It was very right and proper in you to choose Anna, for she is the eldest and the wisest."

"You are very kind to receive me so cordially; but I have not told you that I am without fortune, and that my salary is only five hundred dollars a year."

"Enough, quite enough, and there is room enough here for you, if you can be content with the little blue room that you now occupy."

So it was settled, and when Mr. Brudenell opened the sitting room to look for Anna, the whole family rose to welcome him, and such joy was never seen before. "Two out of the fourteen are engaged," said Aunt Nellie, looking pleasantly at Mrs. Loring.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Original Sketch.

TEA TALES; AS TOLD BY A PENSIONER.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY E. F. WELD.

Why, the public feeling in those days had been worked up to such a pitch that those who indulged in tea-drinking were regarded, if nothing worse, as no patriots. Now up to this crisis the women had been with us heart and hand in every rebellious resolution—but when the cargo of tea was thrown overboard in Boston, there were some of the ladies that rather quavered at the deed of the liberty men. They went so far, some of them, as to declare that "that woful waste was a burning sin and shame in the sight of heaven and earth;" and insinuated that men that could plot and perpetrate such an act, would not be stopped short of considerable. Now it wa'n't so much sympathy for the loss of property as it was fear that their supplies of Bohea and Souchong would be cut off, and in their ignorance of matters and things in general, when they advocated rebellion, or, more correctly speaking, resistance; they never once dreamed that in a struggle for the fair thing, they would have no tea to inspire and invigorate them in their exertions.

Now you see in them days my old Aunt Sal that was, the minister's widow, and your grandfather's sister-in-law, Dorcas, together with Thankful Kenney, our Endurance, and your mother's Aunt Patience, used to just about, rule the roast in small things, and what was more, they knew who 'wound up the jack,' when there was more than common on the spit. Old Major Herrick did tell the minister once that he'd sooner a plaguey sight go through an Indian fight, than have a skirmish with them women.

"Well—well"—said the good old parson, and he looked over his shoulder before he spoke, for in them days it stood one in hand to be prudent—"Major," says he, "I believe I understand, and appreciate the justice of your remark, though you must always aim at charity, even in conversation," and then the good old man took another peep, just to assure himself that there was no one by, and seeing as how there wasn't a sample of female worth in sight, he smiled up all at once and said,—"I am free to confess that I concur with you in a measure, and must say, to speak from my own experience,"—and then he took another very deliberate look again, "that I opine that there is not any one of those ladies but what could talk a select-man dumb, and not a bit sleepy. But Major," he would add, "ain't they individually and collectively, exemplary patterns as women, mothers, wives and daughters."

Now it is not likely that I would speak disparagingly of [illegible] to any one, neither [illegible] you. It ain't in nature, and the whole gist of all that I have said, and what I would convey is this, that we've no right to look for more than human nature in a woman, and they do *set* by tea; and some of them sometimes does so much good, that a man don't know how to value them, and just as he makes up his mind that they are next to angels, they will cut up some capers that beats all out o' doors.

But this has nothing to do with the story. The news had come that the tea was thrown overboard, and we had a town meeting right straight off. The women they heard on't mayhap, sooner than the men folks, and they had their heads together. Well, in the main we approved, and they disapproved the act. We felt that regarding the tea question alone, that we couldn't do much. We couldn't throw tea overboard, 'cause there was no more to throw. But we could do this—put a stop to the use of it in our families, and if nobody would drink it why there would be no demand for it. This was all resolved on without consulting the women, but it got to their ears before their husbands had time to tell them. So—so—Mrs. ——— would say, "are you a going to put your tea pot on the 'buffet?' Don't let me influence you, I never want to make or meddle with any body's domestic affairs—but *I won't!*—so there! No, nor I—nor I!" And so they all went on, a regular rebellion and no storm in a tea pot either, as the saying goes now-a-days.

I'm an old man and my experience leads me to say, when speaking of the women, that there is as much difference in them as other folks. Now there is some as does seem to take a pleasure in anticipating a man's wish, and they go right to work and do a thing that you want done, before you have a chance to say so. But that sort of women, is about as rare as valuable. Then again, there are those that mean to do as you want them, but will hang back and be a little offish just for the sake of a kind word. Then when it does come to that, it is done. It is done too, in such a pleasant sort of a way, as if it was them that received the favor—and one feels really glad that he asked it. Again, I must needs say that there are some—but I guess it ain't worth one's while to talk about them—one thing I know, they will all talk and run on without even meaning or thinking what they are about.

It was just so in this case, in spite of these here declarations you've heard of their making, there was those who went straight home, and did not put the offending tea pot in the 'buffet'—but out of sight—others done it when they was asked, and I reckon some had to do it, whether or no, Tom Collins. Them as knowed the valuation of their Ebenezer when 'twas up, rose it there and then, to get the worst end of the bargain after all, and be laughed at all round town.

There was Freeborn Miles, he was a blasting out rock for the town's use, and it was strictly enjoined on him to be careful of powder. So he says, right before his wife, "I guess tea comes next to powder, and here's try its virtues a blowing rocks." And before she was really aware of what he was about, he'd emptied her caddy into the fissures of a charge-ledge, and blowed it all beyond accounting for. Another one never let on a word, but put up with his wife's tea drinking, and scolding. He'd become so well used to the latter in fact, that she used to say herself, "that scolding was of no earthly account." She never once dreamed of his daring to do anything contrary to her ideas of propriety, and chuckled to herself, and crowed over the other women as had knocked under. "Well there," says she, "I should like to have my good man make a fuss about tea once. Tell me I shouldn't make and drink it! Yes indeed I would!—he should know then the length of my tongue I'll warrant. Any time you feel inclined for a cup of tea come to my house, I've got a plenty, and he knows it, for there ain't that day goes over his head that I don't throw it in his teeth."

It appeared in the end, that he had as long a head as his wife a tongue. One day she poor soul, little dreaming the mischief as was as brewing, had the big iron pot over the fire. It was a Monday, and they was going to have a boiled dinner. There was the pork and cabbage, corned beef and 'taters, all boiling away to her heart's content, while she was attending to the hanging out of the wash. Meantime seeing the coast was clear, he went to ransacking and found the tea. There 'twas all nicely done up, and packed away where nobody would have thought of looking for it, as after all that had been said, she did'nt dare trust it in the caddy. He quietly tucks it into his coat pocket and goes poking about the kitchen for all the world as innocent as could be. Then he makes it appear as though he was cold, and backs right up to the fire-place as if to warm himself, and very slyly moves the lid off one side, and I don't believe that more tea at once was ever emptied into one boiling pot that he dropped into his wife's then.

No sooner had he done it than he felt his danger. He knew that his wife feared no earthly being except the minister, and his eye caught sight of the good man a trotting up the road, just as though he was sent to avert the storm, and out he runs and was successful in coaxing him to stop to dinner. It was some time before they was told dinner was a waiting, and the minister more than once wished he was at home. Although the doors was shut, and he sat in the front room, and the women were in the kitchen, he could hear enough to put him in mind of the day of the week, and what women were on that day, and he wished himself on the road again.

The beets were not one bit redder when they did set down than was Mrs. ——'s face. So no sooner was grace over, than in a good natured way the minister was told by the man why his wife was so long dishing up. The minister said "'twas awful times, and he felt more convinced every minute that there would be war."

"To be sure there will, and I only hope the Bay men wont forget what they done at Louisburg, and do as much now for themselves as they then done for the crown," rejoined his host. "No longer ago than this morning I spoke to cousin Jake, he being lame can't be expected to go as a soldier. I shall go with less trouble on my mind as he promises to work my farm at halves."

This talk was only policy, and it answered the purpose it was intended for, the wife forgot the loss of the tea, as she dwelt upon the probable loss of her husband.

The most laughable tea story however, and no less true, you hav'nt heard yet: There was one woman whose husband was at sea at the time of the tea excitement, and the women used to frequently go to her house to have a sociable talk and a quiet cup of tea. You see here they did not have to go into the barn, or down cellar to enjoy the forbidden beverage. Now as luck would have it he arrived one afternoon when there was one of these tea parties to come off at his house, and he had come [illegible] near supper time, and he was making tracks for home, as any married man would. He'd some distance to walk, and Joe Wood lived up his way and bore him company on the road home, and told him as they went along all about the tea excitement, what other people had done, and how women that did'nt, nor could'nt drink a cup of tea at home, made it a custom to do it at his house, and were there for that very purpose then.

"Never you mind Joe," says he, "leave me alone for a quiet trick and see if I don't sicken them of tea-drinking at my house when I am about, without a loud or unkind word either."

In he goes all of a sudden, or as he said, "taking them all aback." They were mighty glad to see him, and made quite a fuss over him, the more you know for being caught in such a scrape. They found that he had'nt stopped down in town, and judging from his manner, they deemed him ignorant of the prejudice against tea drinking, and the cause of it. Before they had done admiring some curiosities he'd brought home, or had heard enough of his wonderful stories, they were call'd in to tea, and they sat down now a simpering and smiling, looking as happy as though the human family did not know a wrong, and a cup of tea was the greatest enjoyment in nature. There was no clapping a stopper on the sailor's tongue, and it would have been a difficult matter for one to decide whether his stories which they heard, or the tea they were about to receive made them so happy.

The tea was poured out, sugared, and each cup had received its quantum of milk, and been handed to the respective ladies. Now they simpered, play'd with their tea spoons, stole looks at one another, looked serious and tasted again—except one inveterate old tea drinker, who declared "that for her part she never could play with any thing, but liked to have the good of it." So suiting the action to the word, she thinking of the second cup she was to have, swallowed nearly the half of the one in her possession—when turning pale she gasped, and precipitately retreated, to be followed by all the others. "Halloa" shouted the sailor, "are you all sea sick!" as soon as he could speak for laughing. Horror struck, the hostess stood with the tea pot in her hand, it's lid raised, regarding its contents. Curiosity brought her visiters about her, and those that were not qualmish before, acknowledged their weakness when their astonished gaze rested on a huge plug of tobacco floating with swollen dimensions in the tea which they had been drinking off. That was the crowner, and put an end to all tea drinking in his house, until public opinion again sanctioned the custom.

From the Monthlies.

A SUMMER SUNSET'S THOUGHT.

FROM BLACKWOOD.

How beautiful the setting sun
  Reposes o'er the wave!
Like Virtue, life's drear warfare done,
  Descending to the grave;
Yet smiling with a brow of love,
  Benignant, pure and kind,
And blessing, ere she soars above,
  The realms she leaves behind.

The cloudlets, edged with crimson light,
  Veil o'er the blue serene,
While swift the legions of the night
  Are shadowing o'er the scene,
The sea gull with a wailing moan,
  Up starting, turns to seek
Its lonely dwelling place, upon
  The promontory's peak.

The heaving sea, the distant hill,
  The waning sky, the woods,
With melancholy musing fill
  The swelling heart that broods
Upon the light of other days,
  Whose glories now are dull,
And on the visions Hope could raise,
  Vacant, but beautiful.

Where are the bright illusions vain,
  That fancy boded forth?
Sunk to the silent caves again,
  Aurora of the North;
Oh! who would live those visions o'er,
  All brilliant though they seem?
Since Earth is but a desert shore,
  And life a weary dream!

☞ "Allow me to have the pleasure of your company," as the eagle said to the lamb.

Romance of Real Life

FROM CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

THE MISHAPS OF A YOUNG GERMAN.

A True Story.

In the year 1790, Alexander Facqz, Viscount de Honig, a young and enthusiastic German, determined to see the world, and acquire in the course of a few months a quantity of knowledge sufficient to last him the rest of his life. Leaving his mother's house in Suabia, he repaired first to Paris, for the purpose of getting some insight, if possible, into the French Revolution, which was then going on; but chancing shortly after his arrival to meet with a commercial friend who was on the point of setting out for London, he resolved to accompany him to that capital. The great metropolis afforded him occupation for some time; but at length beginning to think that he had exhausted London, and having heard much about the sister island, he resolved to pay a visit to Dublin. An essential preliminary to his trip was the receipt of a remittance from his mother. This having been written for and procured, the month of March, 1791, found him walking idly up and down the streets of Dublin, looking at Irish sights with German eyes, and forming from all that he saw the most German conclusions. Somehow or other, however, his money wore away much faster than he wished; and he soon found it necessary to send another letter to his mother, requesting the too-indulgent lady to forward him a second remittance.

Living in lodgings in expectation of money is at no time a very agreeable predicament, whether in Dublin or anywhere else; and in the year 1791, the transmission of letters, and especially of money letters, between this country and the continent, was attended with even greater risk than in these days of more correct management. Our young German waited and waited on, but the money never came. He told his landlord the true state of the case, and for a while his gentlemanly manners, his young honest-like face, and his interesting foreign accent, operated in his favor. The landlady would not allow the landlord to use him ill. Still, landladies are but human beings, and there are limits to the power of a lodger's face in attesting his promises of payment; and at length, after the bill had run to a considerable amount, the landlady went over to her husband's way of thinking, and our young German was arrested for the debt, and thrown into prison.

"A situation more dreadful can scarcely be conceived," a novelist would say; and, without going quite so far as this, we can well believe that, for a young German of birth and education, who had left his country to acquire a knowledge of men and manners, thus to find himself locked up in a Dublin prison, was somewhat unexpected, and certainly anything but pleasant.

A Dublin prison of the old school was quite a different thing from its modern representative. There was no obligation by law to support prisoners for debt; and there were cases in which such prisoners were supposed to have died of want, and many more in which deaths from want would have occurred, but for the charity of fellow-prisoners. Our hero's only hope lay in the expected arrival of his mother's long-delayed remittance. Alas! the remittance had miscarried. The viscount had made [illegible] expectation of a money letter; and when a bill drawn on a house in Dublin was addressed to him from London, some evil-disposed persons had managed to get possession of it, and feloniously converted it into cash. It was not till a month after that the viscount received another letter, apprizing him that the money had been sent. Why he did not pursue the parties for forgery, or at least compel the payers of the bill to do so, and by that means recover the amount, is not stated. The circumstance of being a stranger, and poor, may perhaps explain what is otherwise so unaccountable. Be this as it may, this unfortunate, and, as we must pronounce him, heedless young man, would have perished for want in prison, but for the compassion of his fellow-captives. His case was so peculiar, and his appearance so unusually interesting, that a prepossession was soon established in his favor, so strong, indeed, that they not only supported him by their charity in prison, but even set on foot a subscription for the purpose of discharging his small debt, and setting him at liberty. But here was another difficulty. What was he to do when he got out of prison, without any money in his pocket? Any ordinary person, with hands accustomed to work, and a mind used to buffet the world, would have found no difficulty whatever; would have launched out of prison and exerted himself nobly; but to our languid and lugubrious German, with his white hands and inactive disposition, there seemed no resource whatever. He thought himself positively the most wretched man on the face of the earth; and when he looked out at the prison window, it was with the sickly feeling of a man who, never having had to rely upon himself, could not conceive how locomotion was possible in this world without money, nor how money was procurable in any other way than by asking one's mother for it. Accordingly, a letter was despatched to his mother, acquainting her with his situation, and begging an immediate remittance; and in the meantime he remained in prison, and shared the bounty of Mr. Fawcet and Monsieur Lafontaine, two debt prisoners, who had taken a particular fancy to the unhappy foreigner.

Sunk pretty nearly to the verge of despair, in an evil hour temptation triumphed over the integrity of the weakly young man. About this time considerable sums were raised in England and Ireland by benevolent persons for the benefit of the French refugees; and it was suggested to Facqz, that, by representing himself to be a French refugee, he might obtain a sum of money sufficient to maintain him for some time, and so put an end to all his difficulties. It would be only a sort of loan; he could repay the money afterwards. So spake necessity; and our young hero had too yielding a constitution to resist the temptation. Having procured the money under the false pretence of being a French refugee, he prepared to leave prison and go in search of a lodging. It so happened that two men, who had been in the habit of visiting a friend in the Marshalsea, and who had become acquainted with Facqz, offered to accompany him, and find out a cheap and suitable lodging. Their names were James Jones and Thomas Neville. Seeking a lodging is a sore trial to anybody: greater men than our hero have sunk under it. It is an art only to be acquired by long practice; and it was with no small delight that Facqz accepted the kind offer of his two acquaintances to put him on the right track. Away went the three friends to seek lodgings. This street and that street were tried; this knocker knocked, and that bell rung; here a little slattern girl came to the door with a thin squeaking voice, there a huge dirty landlady: still the right place was not found. At last they came to a house with Mr. James P—— on the door-plate. Here surely was a respectable house, quite the thing that was wanted.

Mr. Jones, who seems to have been the obliging spokesman of the party, said they would be obliged to Mrs. P—— for a sight of the rooms up stairs. By all means, said the lady; and so Jones and Facqz proceeded in their explanatory tour of the apartments. Neville declined to ascend. He was very much fatigued, and begged to be allowed to take a seat in the parlor till his friends came down. This arrangement being quite agreeable to all parties, Mr. Neville seated himself in the room below, and before the return of Jones and Facqz, he contrived with little difficulty to appropriate a watch which hung over the mantelpiece. Something was wrong about the lodgings, and the party left the house; but hardly had they proceeded twenty paces when an alarm was raised. They were pursued and captured, and the watch found on Neville's person. On the 5th of October, 1791, they were tried before the recorder and magistrates of Dublin. Facqz, of course, protested his innocence, and no doubt he was innocent. But he had been in the company of two notorious swindlers, and to all appearance a coadjutor in the crime; and to crown his misfortune, it was now shown that he was a German, and not a Frenchman, as he had formerly declared himself to be. No man, it was argued, could be an honest man who had committed such a deliberate falsehood. Influenced by these considerations, the jury, included Facqz in the guilt of watch-stealing, and along with his two acquaintance he received sentence of transportation.

Behold our poor languid hero again in prison, and this time not for debt, but for felony, and waiting transportation. The mere imprisonment in such a place would have been punishment enough for the greatest crimes. There was then no established system of prison discipline; the prisoners were left to the tender mercies of the turnkeys; and those who could not bribe them, suffered the harshest treatment. Facqz had no money, and he became one of the victims.

In these dark days Mr. Samuel Rosborough was the Howard of Ireland. The poor forgotten prisoners were his peculiar charge. For twenty years he had been accustomed to visit the prisons, rendering assistance to those who had no other friend. Facqz had heard of his name and character; and in the depths of his despair sent him the following letter:—

"SIR—From the many acts of generous kindness done by you to the unfortunate in this prison, I am induced to hope you will suffer my present melancholy tale to be heard by you, and interfere in my behalf.

"I am under the dreadful sentence of transportation, charged with committing a crime at which my nature revolts. To enter, however, upon any justification of myself at this time is not my object. From the 7th of this month, I have been lying in a cell, loaded with irons, which have been put on by Mr. Walsh, the turnkey, when he knew I had no money to give him. Well knowing you will not suffer me to remain any longer in this loathsome place without your merciful interference, I shall look with anxious expectation for you.

"During these five last days, my mind has enjoyed a calm by attentively listening to the prayers of an unfortunate man in the next cell, who, I hear, is shortly to suffer death. Oh that I was so near that period, for then I would be released from my sufferings!

"Excuse this freedom, and permit me in addition to my fervent prayers for your welfare, to subscribe myself—Your most obedient and devoted servant, ALEX. FACQZ.

October 26, 1791."

Mr. Rosborough immediately visited him; and his interference had the effect of procuring him better treatment. The poor prisoner began to hope that the same benevolence might be of use in procuring his release; and accordingly he sent many letters to Mr. Rosborough, giving an account of himself, his previous mishaps in Dublin, and the manner in which he had been brought into his present situation. A person possessed of more sense would have told his story in a plain, straight-forward, matter-of-fact way; but our young German's letters to Mr. Rosborough were so fanciful, so sentimental, and so full of ohs, and ahs, and adjectives, that the good philanthropist read them with considerable distrust. At length, however, owing to the considerate interposition of Mr. Lafontaine, who had now left prison, and who had procured some knowledge of the viscount's family, Mr. Rosborough was induced to listen to what Facqz told him, and to attribute the sentimentalism of his letters to their right cause—namely, to being a German, and one of weak character. "From me," wrote Facqz to him, "you dissipate every gloom, and cheer and vivify my whole soul. May you long live to enjoy that ennobling virtue which alone gives dignity. May every instance of benevolence and humanity shown by you in this and every other place, be blessed with success; and when the hoar-frost of winter's age shall besprinkle your head, and the divine lamp of life yield its last gleam, may you enjoy that felicity which is the portion allotted by him who said 'I was in prison and ye visited me.' I have requested Mr. Lafontaine to call on you. He will tell you who I am. If not redeemed from this horrible place, I shall perish. Mine eyes can scarce see what I have written; they are sore with weeping; my head aches for want of rest, and mine ears are tormented with hearing blasphemies. Oh that I had never been born, then should I be a stranger to such a place as this!"

Moved by these wailings, and by his own innate benevolence, Mr. Rosborough did make some interest with the recorder in the young man's behalf. But the sad fact of having passed himself off as a French refugee, and obtained money on false pretences, again rose up against him; for the recorder himself had been connected with the management of the refugee fund. Nothing could be done for such a person, and again Mr. Rosborough gave him up. Oh that terrible falsehood!

Meanwhile, poor Facqz had been thinking of another way of effecting his escape. He had heard that money could do it, and he had written pressingly to Germany for money. Many wonderful escapes had been effected from the prison about this time, the mode of which was not discovered till afterwards. The principal agent in those escapes was the head-turnkey's wife. She had offered to give Facqz his liberty for forty pounds, and the following was to be the plan adopted. She was to administer to him draughts of tobacco water, and other narcotics, report him ill, and have him transferred to the hospital, where he was to grow gradually worse and die. When he was fairly dead, he was to be let out of prison; a corpse having been procured to be laid in his bed, for the satisfaction of the doctor. The plan may appear doubtful to our readers: but it had succeeded before, and Facqz hoped it might succeed in his case. But the forty pounds were still wanting; and the beginning of the year 1792 found him still languishing in jail.

Letter after letter he sent to Mr. Rosborough, beseeching him to reconsider his case, and at length the good gentleman began to get a notion of the real simplicity of our hero's character. He interested himself again in his behalf, and represented the affair as well as he could to the recorder. Here was a young German, he said, of good family, who had got into a scrape, whether owing to folly or criminality, he would not say; but would it not serve all the purposes of banishment to send him home to his friends in Germany, instead of incurring the expense of sending him to Botany Bay? The recorder was induced to use his influence with the lord-lieutenant, and the consequence was, that Facqz received a free pardon. The rapture of Facqz on this announcement being made to him, threw him into a fever, from which he did not recover without difficulty. On his recovery he plead his majesty's pardon in court, and was set at liberty, as will be seen from the following copy of a certificate, the original of which may be inspected by any one who chooses to consult the records of the clerk of the crown's office in Dublin:—"*Certificate*—'At an adjournment of sessions on the 31st of May, 1792, Alexander Facqz de Honig pleaded his majesty's free pardon, which was allowed by the court, and he was therefore discharged.'—Extracted from the crown books—ALLEN and GREENE, Clerks of the Peace."

Our hero's mishaps were not yet over. Taking leave of his kind friends, Mr. Rosborough and Mr. Lafontaine, he proceeded to Liverpool with a little money in his pocket, supplied by them. "I had scarcely landed in Liverpool," he says in the account which he afterwards wrote to Mr. Rosborough of his adventures, "when I narrowly escaped breaking my leg in consequence of the absence of enclosures for the cellars in that filthy town. Into one of these holes I fell, and stripped thereby the bone of my leg completely of the flesh from the ankle to the knee." Detained in Liverpool for a long time by this injury, his money was again all expended, and we hardly know by what means he arrived at York, whither it appears he had gone, with a view of proceeding thence to Hull, where he hoped to procure a passage to Hamburg. "I arrived at York," he says, "about five o'clock in the evening, with fourpence in my pocket, my shoes worn to pieces, the big toe of my right foot projecting out." Strolling into York minster, he attracted the notice of a benevolent and venerable clergyman, who entered into conversation with him, and after hearing his story, and putting its truth to the test by asking him questions which none but an educated man could answer, showed him much kindness, and not only paid his coach fare to Hull, but gave him a letter of introduction which secured his passage to Hamburg. At length, after several ups and downs more, he reached his home in Suabia, and was clasped in the arms of his own dear remittance-sending mother. One of his first cares, after reaching home, was to write to his friends, enclosing the amount of money he had borrowed from them.

Our hero had probably obtained more wisdom and business talent in the course of his Irish misfortunes, than he would have obtained by any other mode of training; for the remainder of his life exhibits more sense and sedateness than might have been expected. Having procured a commission in the Russian army, he proceeded to St. Petersburg, where the only drawback to the pleasure he took in his military duties was, that it was very cold. His abilities and accomplishments appear, however, to have succeeded in gaining him good friends; for, after serving in some inferior diplomatic stations, he was sent by the Empress Catherine on a mission to the English cabinet in the year 1796. He embraced the opportunity of doing two things, both of which were characteristic; in the first place, he bought a splendid carriage in London, with which he said he meant "to cut a dash in St. Petersburg;" and in the second place, revisited his friends in Ireland. "One morning," says Mr. Rosborough in narrating the story, "I received a message from the Kildare street hotel, informing me that a gentleman just arrived there wished to see me immediately. On repairing thither, I was received by a servant in gorgeous livery, who spoke with a foreign accent, and introduced me into a room, in which, to my unspeakable astonishment, I saw Viscount Facqz and Mr. Lafontaine seated at breakfast."

The three friends spent several happy days together. Unluckily, however, during our hero's visit, Mr. Lafontaine, whose circumstances were still embarrassed, was again arrested for debt; and it bespeaks the true character of our hero, that, though he had bought a splendid carriage, and was living in a princely style, he yet had no other means of extricating his friend out of his difficulty than by pledging his watch. After staying a week in Dublin, during which he visited his old prison, he returned to London, and thence to St. Petersburg, from which he kept up a constant correspondence with his two friends. In one of his letters, he tells them that he had recovered his estate at Honig, which had been taken possession of by the Carmagnoles; and he expresses his anxious wish that they were all three together living upon it, where he says "he would nurse and cherish them, and make them so happy, that they should be like *diamonds in cotton*." It was not till 1803, however, that, after having seen some hard service, and been completely shattered in health, he was able to retire to the Chateau de Honig. His last letter to his Irish friends is dated February, 1803, and in it he is as sentimental as ever. He appears to have died in the same year.

And now, what was this Alexander Facqz, Viscount de Honig? He was a specimen of what we often see in the world—an accomplished, amiable, interesting young man, with a tolerably good head, a very affectionate heart, and a weak, languid, unmuscular character, that always began crying when a difficulty came in the way.

Like Æsop of old, we may conclude our tale with a moral, which it may be well for all young persons, including gentlemen under the age of twenty-five, to bear in mind. Let nothing tempt you to tell a falsehood; take care of the company you keep; labor honorably for your bread; and try to depend as little as possible on remittances from your mother.

Biographical.

MADAME LAFAYETTE.

[The following testimony of the character of the wife of Lafayette is extracted from a letter written by him, after her death, inserted in his memoirs just published in Paris.]

"During thirty-four years of a union in which her tenderness, her goodness, her elevation, the generosity of her soul, charmed, embellished, did honor to my life, I was so accustomed to all that she was to me, that I did not distinguish her from my own existence. She was fourteen years old, and I was sixteen when her heart amalgamated itself with all which could interest me. I thought I loved her, that I could not do without her, but it was only when I had lost her, that I was able to discover what remained to me, for the close of a life which had been so diversified, and for which nevertheless there remains no longer either happiness or even content. Though she was attached to me, I may say so, by the most passionate sentiment, I never perceived in her the lightest shade of authorativeness (*d'exigence*) or discontent; never anything which did not leave me the entire freedom in all my undertakings. And if I go back to the days of our youth, I find in her, traits of an unexampled delicacy and generosity. You saw her, sociated, heart and soul, in all my sentiments, my political wishes, enjoying everything which might confer honor on me; still more, as she would say, what made me to be wholly known, and more than all, glorying in those occasions when she saw me sacrifice glory to a sentiment of goodness. Her aunt, Madame Tesse, said to me yesterday, 'I never could have imagined that one could be such a fanatic for your opinions, and yet so free from party spirit.' Indeed, her attachment to our doctrines never for a moment abated her indulgence, her compassion, her good will for persons of another party. She was never soured by the violent hatred of which I was the object, the ill treatment and injurious conduct toward me, were regarded by her as follies indifferent to her, from the point from which she looked at them, and where her good opinion chose to place me.

"Here was a most entire devotion. I may say that during thirty-four years, I never suffered for a moment the shadow of a restraint, that all her habits were, without affection, subordinate to my convenience, that, I had the satisfaction to see my most sceptical friends as constantly received, as well beloved, as much esteemed, and their virtues as completely acknowledged as if there had been no difference of religious opinion, that she never expressed any other sentiment than that of hope, that in continuing to reflect, with the uprightness of heart which she knew belonged to me, I should finally be convinced. It was with this feeling she left me her last regards, begging me to read for the love of her some books, which I shall certainly examine again with new interest, and calling her religion, to make me love it better, perfect freedom. She often expressed to me the thought that she should go to Heaven, and dare I add that this idea was not sufficient to reconcile her to quitting me. She often said to me, life is short, full of trouble, may we meet again in God. May we pass eternity together. She wished me, she wished us all the peace of the Lord. Sometimes she was heard praying in her bed. One of her last nights there was something celestial in the manner in which she recited twice in succession, with a firm voice, a passage of Scripture applicable to her situation, the same passage which she recited to her daughter on perceiving the spires of Olmutz. Shall I speak to you of the pleasure, ever renewed, which an entire confidence in her gave me, which was never exacted, which was received at the end of three months as at the first day, which was justified by a discretion proof against all things, by an admirable understanding of all my feelings, my wants, and the wishes of my heart. All this was mingled with a sentiment so tender, and opinion so exalted, a worship, if I dared to speak, so sweet and flattering, more especially gratifying, as coming from the most perfectly natural and sincere person who ever lived."

KEEN.—Here is a bit of the late Sydney Smith's sarcasm:—"Every animal has its enemies, the land tortoise has two enemies—man and the boa constrictor,—man takes him home and roasts him; and the boa constrictor swallows him whole, shell and all, and consumes him slowly in the interior, as the Court of Chancery does a great estate."

BAD THINGS.—An unfaithful lover, a dirty cook, a smoky house, a perpetual scold, an aching tooth, an undutiful child, an improvident servant, an intemperate parent, husband, or wife, an incessant talker, a first-rate appetite and nothing to eat, a hog that breaks through enclosures, a dull shaving razor, bugs in a bed-chamber, and a dandy.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 3, 1846.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Graes' Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

THE POST OFFICE.

The new Post Office Law went into operation on Tuesday. We have more than once published the main provisions, and presume our readers are sufficiently acquainted with them. But as a matter of convenience to the residents in the towns within thirty miles of this city, we again insert the following list of places, in which newspapers published in Philadelphia, may be received free of postage. Our friends will find this such a material reduction in the expense of the Post, that we count on doubling our list, at least, in the town named below.

	PENNSYLVANIA		
Abington	Harmony	Pleasant Valley	
Attleboro	Hartsville	Richboro	
Bensalem	Hatboro	Rockhill	
Bethany Hill	Hilltown	Sellersville	
Bridesburg	Hillsboro	Spring Brook	
Bridgewater	Holland	Spring Mill	
Bristol	Horsham	Keyser's Point	
Buckingham	Jamison	Tullytown	
Bunker Hill	Jeffersonville	Schwenck's Store	
Bustleton	Jenkintown	Upper Dublin	
Byberry	Kingsessing	Upper Merion	
Centreville	Kingsessing	Warminster	
Chestnut Hill	Kingsessing	Warrington	
Chester	King of Prussia	Sacred Heron	
Coatesville	Lafayette	Wissahickon	
Conshohocken	Langhorne	Wyncote	
Cornwells	Lansdale	Spread Eagle	
Crosswicks Hill	Lima	Spring Garden	
Danboro	Lima	Spring House	
Darby	Limerick	Spring Mill	
Doylestown	Line Lexington	Taggart	
Dresher	Lower Merion	Upper Darby	
Dublin	Marcus Hook	Upper Dublin	
Dullington	Marcus Hook	Upper Merion	
Dublin	Merchantville	Upper Dublin	
Edgemont	Mechanicville	Upper Merion	
Fair Hill Schuylkill	Middletown	West Fingo	
Falls	Montgomeryville	Village Green	
Frankfordville	Moorestown	Warrington	
Fox Chase	Nether Providence	West Chester	
Francisville	Newark	West Haverford	
Francisville	Newportville	West Philadel.	
Germantown	Newtown	Wilmington	
Germantown	Norristown	Whitehall	
Germantown	Norristown	White Marsh	
Gibbon's Tavern	Penn's Manor	Willow Grove	
Gum Tree	Farmer's X Roads	Worcester	
Haddington	Penn's Neck	Yardley	
Hatboro	Penn's Grove	Thornbury	
Harmonville			

	NEW JERSEY	
Arnies	Gloucester	Penn's Grove
Bordentown	Good Intent	Pemberton
Burlington	Greenwich	Princeton
Camden	Harrisonville	Raccoon
Carpenter's Lane	Haddonfield	Salem
ding	Jobstown	Swedesboro
Cedar Landing	Kingsessing	Springfield
Clarksville	Medford	Springfield, W
Charleston	Malaga	Woodbury
Columbus	Mantua	Woodbury
Evesham	Moorestown	Woodbury
Frankfordville	Mount Holly	Woodstown
Gloucester Furnace	Mullica Hill	
	Pedrickstown	
	DELAWARE	
Wilmington	Centreville	

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Never was a suggestion better remembered and observed than that of the revolutionary patriot, who said that the fourth of July should be commemorated with the horns of artillery and all possible tokens of rejoicing. It is the one day in the year on which parties forget their divisions, and men of all political creeds recognize each other by the common and glorious name of countrymen. It is a season which presents the highest attitude in which whose hands are the destinies of nations—a day on which the patriot remembers those brave and disinterested men who were the instruments of the political redemption of the country. And are their successors forgotten? We have come later upon the stage, and maintained the integrity of the glorious heritage which was bequeathed to this people by the heroes and sages of seventy-six.

A time to remember the past, it is a fitting season to look forward to the future. Remembering what has been accomplished, there is no unreasonable nor presumptuous vanity in counting on a future destiny for that great republic, in the true glory of which all pan. national glory shall grow dim. In the peaceful victories which the ensuing year progress of this country are to win by their influence and example, there will be no brawback in the wailful widows and the tears shed for the orphans. The United States came into the ranks of the nations as the great apostle of peace. The history of the people has demonstrated that the true policy of a nation is peace —and that the substantial prosperity and true glory of a nation are based on the abundance of aggression and violence. The centenary of American Independence, now only some thirty years distant, will look back upon the proudest century in the annals of any nation.

Between the past and the future, we are wanted to be particularly mindful of the present. The only male to secure to our child down the privileges that we have derived from the past, is so to fulfill our duties that when we are looked back upon, it may be as upon men who were worthy to stand in so glorious a line as Providence has ordained for us.

These thoughts may appear trite and common-place. But the very words of this question suggest the danger to which we are main ly liable as a people—the danger that our peace and security may lead to an undue confidence, and cause us low an appreciation of the many blessings which we enjoy—not political, merely, but moral and religious. If the reader would contrast our condition with that of other lands, we refer him to the not overwrought picture, by Dickens, of the degraded state of the rural population of England. It will be found in another column of this day's paper; and is the only one of the many startling pictures drawn made by modern British writers, about the internal state of that over-peopled land.

Here we have "magic effects and verge enough," and with the slightest feeling of incongruence from straightened quarters, our population takes the first step on, and, in the land the unoccupied West. Thus ware alter ware will roll onward, until the two oceans shall be the boundaries of a republic, limited only by the limits of the continent, and the old world, in the last stages of the decrepitude of its time honored rules, will increase new light and life from Young America.

QUITE A TAKE-IN.

The New York papers state that as Mr. John Osborn, of Brooklyn, was crossing the Catharine Ferry, on Wednesday evening week, between 8 and 9 o'clock, she took her seat in the cabin and a young man who held an infant about three weeks old in his arms came up. The child commenced crying, and one of the two good natured, Mrs. O'H. took it, quieted its wailings, and returned it to the young man. As the boat neared the slip the child re commenced crying, when the man requested the lady to hold it until he could find its mother. The lady did so, and waited a full hour for him to return; but has seen no signs of him since. She then took the child home with her, leaving her address at the ferry.

CAPE MAY.

The accommodations at Cape May are, it is stated, now sufficient for three thousand five hundred persons, having been increased one-fifth since the last season. The hotels are already filling up, and the summer pleasure city promises to have all the bustle and life which give watering places their charm. Cape May is so readily accessible from this city that it will always be the favorite bathing place for Philadelphians.

PROFANITY.

It is stated in the papers that there are no oaths in the Choctaw tongue. When an Indian wishes to be profane, he borrows the English expressions, which are the worst and most hideous in use.

To the above two or three lines we are indebted to add some facts and comments,—the former picked up by personal observation, in the old world and new. We have heard intelligent children of British parents, but foreigners repeating the most filthy, obscene and horrid oaths and imprecations; altogether unaware of their terrible or filthy meaning, and supposing, from their frequent recurrence in the mouths of such North Americans and Europeans as they chanced to associate with, that these words, so frequently recurring, must be pleasant figures of speech. And we have heard the filthy and abandoned among their wives, rolling out the same disgusting language, unaware also of its precise import, but sensible that the English they affected was banned, was unsuitable to their months and condition.

We have heard a Russian official, when his dignity was touched, assert to another that "my army in Flanders," but in the most hideously disjointed and incoherent manner, in defiance of all grammar, meaning and common sense. And the fellow was planning himself upon his eloquent indignation, and wondering what was the badness in his speech that the bystanders laughed.

In the West Indies, and at different ports on the continent of Europe—where intercourse with Britons and North Americans had accustomed the people of the lower ranks to hear the English language spoken, we have heard this disgusting testimony to the foul-mouthed propensities of our countrymen and consider the whole.

Nor is the matter of recent growth only. So long ago as the time of Isaac D'Aro, we find the English reckoned in accordance with this habit. The Maid of Orleans designated her foes as the "*goddams from me-up-to*." We have we Americans failed to inherit this title, let the title to Oregon be in whose hands it may.

It is really painful to pass in the street, the knots of youngsters who make the welkin ring with their blasphemy. Children scarce breeched puff foul sagit-smoke, and the foster breath of malediction against your legs as you go by. And these children, these growing up in contempt of every thing sacred and respectable—despising restraint, contemning decency, and the tenderly solicitous chastening and wallowing in the mire, are, by and bye, to be among the arbiters of the destinies of the republic.

It is impossible that this vice of foul speech can grow up with a child without tainting the whole man. It is impossible that a lad can habitually profane and obscene, and still be conscientious in other particulars. When such miserable and pernicious virginity is rolled into a sweet morsel under the tongue, you may be certain that an indreament to do wrong need not be offered twice to the tempted.

It is not saying too much to attribute the disgraceful rowdyism and violence, in which too many of our young men seek amusement, to the habit of foul and profane conversation. One vice springs naturally—we had almost said necessarily from the other. It would seem to be bothered that it is surely thus to outrage propriety, that sooner the young offenders are emboldened of that mistake, the better. Parents, guardians and masters, owe it to their consciences and their country, to endeavor to effect a reform in a matter which belongs emphatically to their jurisdiction.

REVERSES.

The Courier des Etas Unis, published in New York, says that Paris correspondence, whose letters are among the most off hand and spicy published. In a late epistle he relates two curious incidents, of which many of the less ordinary freaks dame Fortune will sometimes practice upon mankind. He states that several years since, Mr. Bonfils emigrated from France, and came to reside in this country, and settled in some part of Louisiana, where he became a planter under cultivation, and with economy in the affairs of his plantations of dollars, but no issue to inherit it. As soon as this fact became known in Paris a host of relatives suddenly appeared, whose consanguinity was unquestionable, however far removed in its degree, but all of these failed to establish the fact, and two young sisters, Rose and Blanche, are the only persons whose claims have been recognized as their heirs, and they are now under sentication, and they await the decision of the judge to decide whether they shall receive the whole amount or be bothered that it is surely thus to outrage propriety, that sooner the young offenders are emboldened of that mistake, the better. Parents, guardians and masters, owe it to their consciences and their country, to endeavor to effect a reform in a matter which belongs emphatically to their jurisdiction.

Among the names of gentlemen who have delivered, or are to deliver eulogies, we observe the following:

Hon. Andrew Stevenson, at Richmond, Va.

Gen. Benj. C. Howard in Baltimore, on Tuesday last.

Hugh A. Garland has been selected by the citizens of Petersburg, Va.; the ceremonies will take place on the 12th of July.

Hon. [illegible] the orator in Charleston.

Ex-President Houston, of Texas, probably would be requested to pronounce a eulogy upon the life and character of Andrew Jackson, at Lonisville, Ky., on the 3d of July.

Hon. Pliny Merrick, of Worcester, is to deliver the oration before the citizens of Gen. Jackson, before the Municipal authorities of Boston, on the 9th inst.

CANADA.

It is stated in the correspondence of a Richmond paper, that in some circles in Canada the war fever is very high. We do not doubt it. Patriotism with some people is graded entirely by what they conceive to be their interest. The 6,000 British troops in Canada would, in the event of a war, require to be quadrupled; and the fortifications, barracks and other expenses attendant upon their support, would make many fortunes for some of the Canadians. There are those who would fire a city to obtain light to pick up a penny by; and we believe those Canadians who desire war with the country are the class of people. As a dependence of the British crown, Canada would run into importance; but as the scene of a successful war, might derive profit. That is to say, the few might derive profit, and the many would bear the heavy taxes, and the dissolution, or state their avarice. The chances of speculation and temporary importance to obtain by conquest, form another class of "patriotic" inducements to desire carnage and bloodshed.

But there are other circumstances which the fat-seeing should not forget. It is not many years since Canada was in arms, and it is said that all Canadians are not loyal subjects of Great Britain. The United States government has been repeatedly charged with that many of it had so chosen. In the event of a war, Great Britain will have abundant need of her troops in the Canadas, and will have to send five a city to obtain light to pick up a penny by; and we believe those Canadians who desire war with the country are the class of people. As a dependence of the British crown, Canada would run into importance; but as the scene of a successful war, might derive profit. That is to say, the few might derive profit, and the many would bear the heavy taxes, and the dissolution, or state their avarice. The chances of speculation and temporary importance to obtain by conquest, form another class of "patriotic" inducements to desire carnage and bloodshed.

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PRESIDENT JONES.

The Washington papers are the usually full of a cession of hostilities between that country and Mexico until the meeting of Congress. Meanwhile he adds in the same instrument, that overtures for a treaty have been received from Mexico, on the basis of the separate existence of Texas. President Jones manifestly leans toward the manner of adjusting the matter; and the influence of British has been no doubt highly plied. The people will, however, determine the matter.

The Havana correspondent of the Washington Union, under date of June 6, says:

The British steamer arrived this morning from Vera Cruz, bringing important and unexpected intelligence. Both Santa Anna and Bermudez, the latter the late President of the Republic of Texico, made themselves scarce, and accomplishes the same labor in a day which formerly required fifty-gits. Two and a half tons of pins are put up at this establishment in a week, and the quantity is soon to be increased. There are two other manufactories in the United States, one at Waterbury, Conn., one at Troy, N. Y., and another at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. A manufactory of pins, after the fashion of those made by the Messrs. Mellinet, payable in daily instalments of thirty thousand dollars, for the first thirty days—terms of the loan not generally known.

This agrees with rumors which have reached us via New Orleans, to the effect that whatever that England would have been glad to effect an arrangement of this kind; and President Jones is all probability favors the measure, if we may judge say thing from his public acts and expressions. But, in a republican people have a voice, and will be consulted. While upon the subject of rumors, we may mention that the Washington Union says, in contradiction to a current report, that Mr. Packenham has not intimated to Mr. Buchanan that he guarantee to the American Government the pacific settlement of Oregon, nor intimated that an ambassador from the United States would be heartily welcomed in Mexico.

FUNERAL HONORS.

From every part of the country we are receiving notices of the honors to be paid to the memory of Andrew Jackson. In this city the day of the interment (Thursday week) passed with deep solemnity, and closed in darkness. The city was enlivened by the Vice President, had the warmth of a friend, with the judicious discrimination of a man who was not blinded by party. He is one who therefore dwelt principally on those passages in which all could unite.

In New York, Hon. B. F. Butler made a most eloquent oration. In Washington, on Friday week, the people of the District united in a procession which formed at the east end of the western extremity of the President's Square, and was composed of immense numbers of civic and military officers of the Government, preceding the President of the United States, Heads of Departments, members of Congress, and officers of the Navy and Army; many of the resident volunteer military companies of the city, and a large number of the fire companies, and vast numbers of citizens and strangers. The Georgetown Advocate speaks in the eulogy of Mr. Butler, "in opulence of surpassing eloquence, and in every respect worthy of his reputation as a scholar and a thinker.

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WELL REBUKED.

We learn from the Marietta Intelligencer that at the examination of a supposed incendiary before a justice of the peace, in that town, Wall, came into the court room brandishing two large bone pistols, declaring in case he was molested he would shoot them. He was about to oversee court, witnesses, and opposing counsel, when a constable entered the room and was furnished with a small syringe, which he loaded with water to the muzzle, and presented at the head of the bone pistol advocate, and by his gesticulations intimated that the shooting irons had failed to go off, and that the syringe was a weapon of defence that wouldn't miss water, though the pistols might miss fire. The people enjoyed the joke, and Wall looked as if he would be glad to crawl into his own vest pocket. The court directed the sheriff to take his pistols from the possession of Mr. Welch, although preferring to retain his weapon, said he would give it up as directed by the court, and accordingly handed it over to the officer.

A SPLENDID OPENING.

The following opening words of Mr. Bancroft, in his eulogy pronounced on Gen. Jackson, have a patriotic thrill, which we possess neither the desire nor the power to imitate. To-day, above all days, we are in duty bound to remember the men of old.

"The men of the American Revolution are no more. The age of conquest never has passed away. The last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence has long since gone to his rest. The last survivor of the army of Potomar, surrounded by his family and his neighbors, has died in peace. The last survivor reposes in the modest grave yard of his native town. Jefferson sleeps on the heights of his own Monticello, whence his eye overlooked the valley of Virginia. Madison, the last survivor of the men who made our constitution, lies in our own city. Soon shall we say that the heroes, in whom the image of God alone most brightly, do not live forever! They are gone! The last of the Presidents who could call America into being; they lived for these conceptions, and to share them."

A BAD HABIT.

It is stated that the consumption of opium is frightfully upon the increase in Great Britain. Eighty years since, the Duke of Cornwall, having arrived from Constantinople, brought 23 tons 3 qrs. and 12 lbs. of this deadly drug into England. In 1840 there were imported 108 tons of it had so chosen. In the event of a war, Great Britain will have abundant need of her troops in the Canadas, and will have to send five a city to obtain light to pick up a penny by; and we believe those Canadians who desire war with the country are the class of people. As a dependence of the British crown, Canada would run into importance; but as the scene of a successful war, might derive profit. That is to say, the few might derive profit, and the many would bear the heavy taxes, and the dissolution, or state their avarice. The chances of speculation and temporary importance to obtain by conquest, form another class of "patriotic" inducements to desire carnage and bloodshed.

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PITTSBURG.

We are extensively engaged in four of the hostic and enterprises of the city of Pittsburg. Under the sanivity and hearty courage of the citizens, aided by friends without, the traces of the disaster are fast passing away. The Chronicle states that about *fifteen hundred* buildings in the city and suburbs in the "burnt district." The number already completed is supposed to be something over one hundred. By next month, the entire district of the "burnt district" will be rebuilt, and in some cases with good and substantial brick buildings.

OUT OF THE WAY!

The Journal de Paris says that an operative in the Rue des Vieilles Audriettes, has invented a machine to make pins, by means of which any person possessing sufficient strength to turn a wheel, can in the course of a day finish fifty pairs of excellent shoes of every size. This story is rather tougher than sole leather.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES

Of the Old World.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

GREAT INUNDATION—FACES IN A CROWD—CONTINUED RISE OF THE WATER—A GERMAN FIRE.

Frankfort on the Main, April 6, 1845.

Old Winter's gaiters are shut close behind us, and the sun looks down with his greatest appearance. The air, after the long cold and rain, is like that of Paradise, and the buds are opening by scores, and the trees in full time they have lost. All things are gay and bright; everybody is in motion, and I must be in motion, too, before the day is over. I commenced with yesterday in earnest, and let before night the roads were all dry and fine as if there had been a fall of rain. Wherever I have been since and planted in ground which, eight days before, was covered deep with snow!

After having lived through the longest winter here, for one hundred and fifty years, we were destined to witness the greatest flood for years, and little fewer than eight days in the three hundred years. On the 28th of March, it was ever-flooded to a high pier along the Main, and rising still higher and higher, began to come into the gates and alleys. Before night the whole back was covered, and the water began to flow through the streets and down in the Romerberg. When I went there, the next morning, it was a remarkable sight. The water was still rising, and the whole capitality had it risen, that many of the merchants had to live in the more than stores, and must suffer great damage. They were busy in the morning, could be got in the haste, and constructing passages into the houses which were surrounded. The business had ceased; in fact, no one thought of to think of buying or selling, but the city was divided to escape the danger. Along the Main it was still worse. From the meanest, it had risen seventeen feet above its usual level, and the arches of the bridge were filled nearly to the top. At the Upper-Main gate, every thing was flooded—houses, gardens, and fields, and the water lay in a large lake on the meadows above, and come down and attacked the city from behind; so that a part of the beautiful promenade by the river was under. On the other side, we could see houses standing in it up to the roof, and the dwellings in the suburbs, that lay in the valley, filling up as fast as the water would run into their second story windows. What was worse, in case of fire, through the want of water, the city of Frankfort, and a large body of men were always at work constructing slight bridges to walk over, and transplanting the fire engines where they were needed. This was all done at the expense of the city, and the greatest part of the expense was incurred in the "*per diem*" allowance to the laborers. In the Fischer-gasse, I saw a house with the water to the windows of the second floor, and the people in boats, still taking provisions to the top of the house, and a gentleman sitting in a chair, smoking out, shut up, and entirely surrounded by water. The water was still rising, and the fear was entertained that, in this respect alone, must be actually the loss in dollars. It began to fall on the first of April, and has now retired so far that many of the houses are again released, though in a bad condition.

Yesterday afternoon, as I was sitting in my room, writing, we heard all at once an explosion like a cannon in the street, followed by loud and confused screams. I looked out the window, and saw the people rushing by with goods in their arms, some wringing their hands and crying, while others were running to the engine houses. Imagining that it was nothing less than the tumbling down of one of the old houses, we ran down into the street, and found the city on all flames. The windows were bursting and flying out, and the mingled mass of smoke and flame rushed out in a dense column from each of the lower stories in the house next to us. We learned afterwards it was occasioned by the explosion of a jar of naphtha, which instantly communicated the whole room in which the jar stood, for more than escaping in time. I shall never forget the scene. The persons who had been burnt were carried out in fact, in one of the flames were beginning to touch their property. A few brothers with first came up, did almost everything, and the fire engine arrived when it was ten minutes before it began to play, and by that time the flames were coming out of the windows in front. The house next to that was fallen, and though another engine came up shortly after, it was impossible to save it could be in order, so that by the time they got fairly to work, the fire had made its way nearly through the house. The proprietor was found in bed in barrels drawn by horses, till some officer came and opened the fire plug. The last piece of the scene was the house being thoroughly burnt out; it happened to have double fire walls, which prevented the others from catching on easily.

J. B. T.

Casualties.

☞ On Thursday week, says the Pittsburg Chronicle, as Mr. James Albertson, accompanied by his wife and three children, one an infant, were crossing the Monongahela river to Birmingham, in a row boat owned by Mr. Shall, and being about in the ferry boat, the boat became frightened, and backed the hind wheels off the boat. Mrs. Albertson and infant had hardly got on the ferry boat, when the boat became disengaged from the gearing, precipitating the wagon and children (one 3 and the other 7 years old) into the river. Mrs. Albertson and infant were immediately jumped in after them, but did not succeed in recovering either of them.

☞ On Thursday week, while the first train of cars left the new road from Spuyt and Luther's mines at Pottsville, Dr. Luther, who was standing on one side of the cars, was thrown violently off. His head was severely cut and bruised by the fall, and for a time consussion of the brain was apprehended, but that danger has passed away. On the day previous Henry Nimbleton, a miner, working in Mr. Rensalem's mine at Pottsville, was killed by a fall of coal in one of the breasts in which he was employed.

☞ A gentleman named Brammell, residing in Louisburg, Ky., was killed by lightning a few days since, while taking shelter from a storm under a tree. The electric fluid penetrated his hat, on the back part of his head, leaving a hole about the size of an ordinary bullet, thence down the spine, and out through his shoes into the ground, cutting holes in the shoes of the appearance of shot holes. His shoes were literally torn off him.

☞ John Wilbur, Jr., of South Kingston, R. I., was instantly killed at his lumber yard at Fall River, on Monday week, while standing between two piles of boards, a few feet apart, one of which suddenly fell over and crushed him to death. He was about twenty-five years of age, and has left a wife and family.

☞ During a severe storm in Chenango County, on the 12th inst., Elder Hart, of Smithville, a clergyman of the Baptist persuasion, was struck by the lightning and killed instantly. He was returning home, and had arrived within a short distance of it.

☞ An awful accident at Rockport, Mass., on Tuesday week. While blasting rocks, a premature explosion took place, which killed on the instant death of Mr. Thomas Peach, his head being blown clear from his body. Two other persons were injured.

☞ On Monday week several persons, who were riding in a wagon near Port Carbon, were thrown upon the ground with violence, in consequence of the running away of the horses. One of them, Thomas Walton, was so injured that he soon came died.

☞ A little child at Manchester, N. H., a few days since got hold of a bunch of lucifer matches, in the absence of its mother from the room, and while playing with them they ignited, and so badly burned her that she died the next morning.

☞ The Troy Budget states that a small boy, son of Mr. Archibald of that city, went to his father's brick yard, and while looking into the mill, he lost his balance, and fell in, and in a moment his head was severed from his body.

☞ Mr. Levi Totten, of Harlington, Somerset county, New Jersey, was killed on Wednesday week, in attempting to drive a load of hay into the barn, by being squeezed beneath the beam. Aged 72.

Local Intelligence.

MAGIC CARDS.

T. B. Peterson has, among his other curious articles, the infallible method of detecting a stung ladies age, or discovering her name,—the Magi Cards. They furnish a very pleasant and pretty amusement for the little fry.

A LIST.—The Sheriff of Montgomery county, while standing in a crowd on Thursday week, looking at the procession in honor of General Jackson, had his pocket picked of a pair of silver rims "ruffles," otherwise handcuffs, if the key was not with them, we are requested to state that the light fingered gentleman can obtain it by applying at the Sheriff's office in Norristown, Pa.

☞ The following are the officers of the Methodist Episcopal Home Missionary and Tract Society, for the ensuing year:

President—Rev. William G. E. Agnew. Vice President—Joseph B. Strafford, M. D. Corresponding Secretary—William Cattell. Recording Secretary—H. B. Swift. Treasurer—T. K. Peterson. Book Agent—Joseph T. Whitecar.

ADVENT CHURCH.—The pews of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Advent, (St. York Road, will be sold and let on Monday afternoon next, between the hours of two and six, P. M.

☞ The Receipts of the Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Bible Society, in this city, from May 8th to June 12th, amounted to $1,115.

General News.

☞ The quantity of ore shipped from Boston for the East Indies last year was 1,500 tons, and been 55,000 tons, delivered on board at an average cost of $2.55 per ton, while the product of $2.78 per ton, which the profit of $1.23 per ton. The storage has erected a noble building for high, 176 feet wide, 103 feet deep, and has a triple wall, 40 feet long more than three quarters of a mile, and capable of holding 28,000 tons of ore. The stores of Kenyon, Cammett & Co., are now in the building. The establishment of a new line of steamers to Liverpool, to commence in the month of May next, is also spoken of.

☞ The Legislature has passed an act to authorize the

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office *removed from* as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, B. B. Hussey, and John Collins.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

INKLINGS OF ADVENTURE. *By N. P. Willis. New York: Burgess & Stringer. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.* This is another collection of the sketches of Mr. Willis, embracing principally his earlier writings, such as the Slingsby Papers, and having the freshness of a new hand. It is a volume of pleasant reading.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD. *By John Frost, L.L. D. Philadelphia: Butler & Williams.* No. V of this truly beautiful work has been laid upon our table, and fully supports the character and promise of the specimen number. Mr. Frost, and all concerned, deserve great credit for the manner in which this publication is got up.

THE SEERESS OF PREVORST, is a most curious work, translated from the German. It will fill the believers in Animal Magnetism with awe-struck delight, and cause heretics to shrug their shoulders. It is for sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston*, and *T. B. Peterson.*

THE KNICKERBOCKER. *Zieber & Co.* and *T. B. Peterson* have received the July number of the Knickerbocker, which, as usual, amply repays the reader for following it through. It is one of the best magazines in the world.

DOMESTIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. *Harper & Brothers*, have published the 6th number of this excellent publication—a treasure to new married couples. It may be had of *Lindsay & Blakiston*, and *Zieber & Co.*

THE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE of the Messrs. Harpers has reached its thirty-first number. It has been received by *T. B. Peterson*, by *Lindsay & Blakiston*, and by *Zieber & Co.*

PENNY MAGAZINE. No. 5 of the re-publication of this work has been received by *T. B. Peterson*, and by *Zieber & Co.* It is A No. 1 of this class of periodicals.

ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE. Nos. 57 and 58 of the Harpers' Illustrated Shakspeare, have been received by *T. B. Peterson*, and *Lindsay & Blakiston.*

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Queen and Theatricals—Queen's Birth Day—A Veteran Teacher—William Laidlaw—English Pictures—Bank of England—Manufactures—French Post Office Robbery—Russian Tragedian.

Bristol, England, June 3, 1845.

Her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of England, and her Royal Consort, Prince Albert, visited the Haymarket Theatre, a few evenings since, for the purpose of enjoying the acting of Mr. Hackett, the celebrated American Comedian. The house was crowded with fashionables on the occasion, and the Royal party were highly delighted—both the Queen and Prince frequently applauding Hackett with downright good-will; while they laughed heartily at his inimitable *Monsieur Mallet.* Miss Cushman is at the Princess's Theatre, and Forrest has picked up a pretty good "rent" for the few weeks he played in Dublin. The Queen's Birth-Day was celebrated by illuminations and public feasts in most of the towns in the kingdom. In short, Victoria is an universal favorite. Among other displays on the occasion, were some magnificent Horticultural Shows—where the beautiful flowers of Spring were woven into crowns, the Royal arms, mottoes, &c. The attendance at these floral displays has, on all occasions, been full-dress and fashionable. But the goddess Flora bore off the belle, for beauty, variety, brilliancy and attraction.

> "Yet not the splendid purple robe
> Which eastern monarchs wear,
> Can emulate thy brighter gloss
> Or with thy tints compare."

Some idea will be formed of the generally declining fortunes of the drama in England, from the fact that, at the present time, there is not a single theatre open in the counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Hertford, Bedford, Cambridge, Northampton, Norwich, Kent, Gloucester, Hereford, Wilts, Dorset, Salop or Sussex.

Mr. James Kell, of Gateshead, died a few days since, at a very advanced age. He taught in a Sabbath Class more than sixty years ago, and may, therefore, be said to have preceded Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, in the pious work of originating Sunday Schools.

William Laidlaw, of Inverness, author of "Lucy's Flittin," and other celebrated ballads, and the most intimate friend of the late Sir Walter Scott—has been gathered to his fathers at a good old age. Laidlaw rambled with Scott on the banks of the Tweed, conversing in familiar and unrestrained confidence,—shared in the superintendance of all his plans and improvements—wrote to his dictation some of the imperishable scenes in his works and at last—

> "When discord on the music fell,
> And darkness on the glory"—

was one of the few who watched over the latest manifestations and the final eclipse of that greatest of contemporary minds. Among the deaths too, may be noticed that of Mr. Finn, of Nottingham—a hero who entered the navy in 1790, shared in the victories of Lord Duncan, Sir John Jervis, and Lord Howe, —was on board one of the ships in the mutiny at the Nore, and stood out against the mutineers at the hazard of his life—which was preserved to share in the glories of Nelson. The House of Lords has passed the divorce bill between Captain and Mrs. Heavyside—and she is now free to become Mrs. Dr. Dionysius Lardner. Captain Heavyside, it is said, is about to marry again.

There is quite a mania among the rich for purchasing paintings by the best English masters. A grand sale of the collection of the late George Kent, at Bolton Lodge, called together the connoisseurs from all parts of the kingdom. An English landscape, by Sir A. Callcott, brought 956 guineas—a picture by Stanfield, 680 guineas—one by Leslie, 380 guineas—one by Collins, 360 guineas—Roberts, 380 guineas. The product of the sale was enormous.

The people of the Parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, London, have found an entry on their burial books, by which it appears that on the 24th of January, 1588, Thomas Carr, of Holywell street, London, was interred on that day, having attained the amazing age of *two hundred and seven years! "Credat Judæus Apella—non ego!"* Dowager Lady De Clifford; the Cardinal Patriarch, of Lisbon; Lady Emily Stratton; M. Merithou, Peer of France; Madame Stephen Elme, (*La Contemporaine,*) and Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, M. D.; are among the recent fashionable deaths.

The Bank of England still holds the enormous sum of nearly £16,000,000 in specie in its vaults—which now form a kind of Peruvian gold mine in the midst of London. The manufacturers of coarse cotton goods, begin to wish that you Americans would keep yours at home. They are imported into England and much liked. A society called the Odd Fellows, is becoming very popular here. There are nearly 300,000 members in England and Scotland, and they distribute among their poor and sick, about £290,000 annually. Only think of a Concert with 300 musicians! Such an one has just been given by Monsieur Julien, in London, with great success. The Lords of the Admiralty have ordered several new iron steam vessels of war, of only 200 tons burthen each—to cruise against the slave trade and up the rivers on the coast of Africa.

The French Post Office has been robbed of letters containing money to the tune of 110,000 francs. A young man named Vanliezon has been apprehended and accused of these thefts—inducements in the case, gambling and the grisettes of Paris. His favorite grisette, Mademoiselle Divay, has been apprehended as his accomplice. The Queen intends to visit Germany this summer certainly—but the Royal visits to Ireland and Paris, are doubtful. Theatricals at Paris are said to be on the decline. The opera and all the great theatres in that gay city have lost money during the past year. A great tragedian named Karatigine, has appeared in Russia, and intends shortly to make his *debut* in Paris. He is described as wonderful—a Russian Kemble—a Russian Talma, &c. Sheridan Knowles is gone on a visit to Lisbon. There is a talk of running tunnels under London, for railway trains. What next? Sir John Franklin, with the ships Erebus and Terror, left the Thames on Monday week, on an Arctic voyage of discovery—and a ship has left Aberdeen, Scotland, for Davis's straits, where it is reported that a very rich black lead mine has been discovered. If so, two or three voyages will make the fortunes of her fortunate owners.

New York City.

☞ The Postmaster of New York has issued a Circular to the several Daily Journals of that city, inviting them to submit a sworn statement of the regular circulation of their papers respectively on the 21st inst. and for one month preceding, with a view to the advertising of the Lists of Letters under the People's Postage Reform Bill of last winter, which prescribes that such Advertising shall appear in the journal or journals of largest circulation, without regard to their Politics or the favor of any functionary. We hail this notice with pleasure, and trust its requirements will be faithfully complied with.

☞ The cap-stone was placed upon the spire of the new Trinity Church, in Broadway, New York, on Friday afternoon week. A copper gilded cross will be erected in a few days, and then the spire will be finished. The cross is to be six feet in height. After the cap-stone was put in its place, one of the workmen stepped upon it, and astonished the multitude below by standing for some moments at that giddy height.

☞ The Mayor of New York, to whom the matter was left, decided that booths, for the vending of rum and madness, should not be erected about the Park on the Fourth. This is a decision made from principles of duty, and without weighing popularity against right.

☞ The estimate of the Board of Education, for New York County, of the sum to be raised this year, for school purposes, is $179,907,23, which is less by $40,000 than the amount raised last year.

☞ There is a machine now in operation in the city of New York which makes from 200 to 300 cedar painted pails per day. A good workman can make by hand some 9 or 10 pails per day.

☞ Five hundred and sixty-seven steerage passengers arrived on Friday morning week, at New York, from Liverpool and Havre. The number for last week reached near 4,000.

☞ The New York Tribune says—The Sea Horse having departed, a fellow in Broadway advertises a Tame Oyster for exhibition.

☞ The Rotunda in the New York Park is undergoing extensive alterations, for [illegible] tion room of the Gallery of F[illegible]

☞ Very near[illegible] 000 packages of domestic goods were [illegible]ported from New York from the 1st to the 23d ult.

Fires.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A correspondent of the Essex county Republican writes that a very destructive fire occurred a few days since in the town of West Moriah, in N. Y., near Lake Champlain. It commenced in a bit of tuft on the farm of Col. Barnes, and while the men were at dinner, spread through the grass into the woods, and swept over an immense tract with great rapidity. On the road from East to West Moriah, it burned down two double saw mills, a dwelling house, a barn, seventeen thousand pieces of lumber, and three thousand logs, belonging to Messrs. Barnes & Travis, whose loss is about $10,000; and in a few hours after had travelled eight miles, and swept away the saw mill, dwelling and barn, with six thousand pieces of lumber, and two hundred logs, of Hon. N. S. Storrs, whose loss is $2,000. Thence it extended to the two mills, dwelling and barn of John Ensign, whose loss is $2,000, and swept away five other mills in West Moriah and Scroon, of which the value is not ascertained. The entire loss is estimated at over $300,000.

☞ A fire was discovered on Friday morning between 7 and 8 o'clock, in the third story of the old brick calendar building on Sabine street, belonging to the Providence Dyeing, Bleaching and Calendering Company, and used for packing goods. The upper story and roof were entirely destroyed. The goods in the loft were burnt—those in the lower part of the building were much damaged. The loss is estimated at about $10,000, which was covered by insurance at the American Insurance Office, the Hartford Insurance Company, and the Georgia Insurance and Trust Company.

☞ At New Brunswick, N. J., on the 24th June, a fire broke out in Brigg's store-house, on the dock, in the rear of his store, and we have to record another which occurred last evening, 26th inst., in Hatfield's store-house, adjoining Brigg's store, which was destroyed, together with a lumber yard, stable and horses, supposed to be the work of an incendiary. A quantity of powder being in Hatfield's store-house at the time, prevented the immediate action of the firemen until after it exploded.

☞ The Plane Factory and Plaster Mill belonging to Casper F. Hoag, in Schenectady, N. Y., was burned to the ground on Wednesday afternoon last, together with a large quantity of lumber. Loss estimated at some $7,000. Mr. H. was not insured. The fire caught accidentally in some shavings. All the notes and many other papers of value belonging to Mr. H. were consumed. This is a severe loss, being all of his accumulation for a number of years.

☞ The house of John Conger, in Waterloo, Albany county, N. Y., was consumed by fire on the 10th. The fire was supposed to have taken in the kitchen from a stove, and burnt so fast that it was impossible to save any of the furniture, or even the clothing of the family. His family had to go to the neighbors to find clothing to dress themselves. It was with much difficulty that his sheds and barns were saved. Loss about $17,000. Insured $13,000.

☞ We learn from the Berlin Star, that the dwelling house of Mr. Aaron Middleswarth, of Beaver township, was entirely consumed by fire, on Sunday morning week. The fire originated, we understand, through the carelessness of one of the inmates, who had got up before day, and made a fire and afterwards went to bed again. Nothing of their furniture was saved. The inmates barely escaped with their lives.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—About 11 o'clock on Friday night, the extensive machine factory of Messrs. Wells & Miller on West Falls Avenue, Baltimore, was consumed by fire. The lumbar yard adjoining was also severely damaged.

☞ The starch factory of Mr. D. R. Nash, at Roxbury, Mass., was consumed by fire on Thursday night. The fire originated in the west end of the building, and finally extended to a block of wooden dwellings, one of which, tenanted by Mr. James Card, was, with its furniture, destroyed. There is an insurance on the stock and factory building of $2,000.

☞ At Rochester, on Saturday, the store, dwelling house and stables of Edward Duffy, corner of State and Smith streets, opposite the Frankfort House, were destroyed by fire. The front part of the building was occupied by J. Dorcas, as a grocery and provision store, and contained about $1,500 worth of goods, which were nearly all destroyed.

☞ The large joiner's and carpenter's establishment of Mr. James Davis, in Dover, N. H., was destroyed by fire on Wednesday of last week, together with a ten horse power steam engine, and nearly all the machinery, etc. Loss about $3,000—insured for $1,300.

Miscellaneous News.

☞ It will be recollected, that some months since, a young lady, Miss Oakes, having entered an out-house of her father's residence, was observed by three young men, who were walking at a short distance. One of them, named Brown, raised the rifle he carried, and fired at the door, as he said, for the purpose of frightening her. The shot killed the young lady, and the fellow was tried at Watertown, New York, a day or two since, and convicted of manslaughter in the third degree. He has been sentenced to imprisonment for four years, being the longest period with which the offence is punishable.

☞ A writer in the New York Express gives the following as an infallible recipe for the destruction of those pestiferous vermin—bed bugs:—Take a quantity of whale oil, and about the same quantity of lard or tallow, simmer them a few minutes together, so as they will mix. Apply the mixture with a feather or fine brush, to the crevices and joints of the bedsteads, and these vermin will not only desert the bed, but leave the room. We should think every body with a nose would be apt to follow.

☞ In England, upwards of £300,000 are annually distributed by the Odd Fellows, whose funds amount to the gross sum of $3,500,000. This immense amount, says the correspondent of the Boston Atlas, has been got together by weekly contributions of two-pence and three-pence from each member; the number of Odd Fellows in England, is stated to be two hundred and sixty thousand.

☞ The army worm, a few days since, made war upon a six acre field of wheat, at Flatbush, N. Y., and stripped it of every green leaf; but fortunately the kernel of the grain was too near maturity to be injured. Trenches were dug when the worms began to migrate, and by this means they were entirely destroyed.

☞ The editors of the Charleston Mercury have lately received a green rose, plucked from a plant grown in Columbia, S. C. The plant has borne flowers several times this season, and it invariably produced double roses of a uniform deep green color like that of the leaf.

☞ Some boys were indicted in Rush county, Ind., not long since, for disturbing an Abolition meeting, where a man named Hoff was to make a speech. The jury acquitted them on the ground that an Abolition meeting was not a lawful assemblage, for a lawful purpose.

☞ The Petersburg Gazette says there has been a large increase of buckwheat sown in Western Pennsylvania and in the Western Reserve of Ohio; and that the probability is that the crop will much exceed that of any other year.

☞ Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of Mexican money has been sent to the Mint and Branch Mint, to be converted into dimes and half dimes, we presume.

☞ The amount of coal transported over the railroad from the Schuylkill region, this season, is 282,599,013 tons; by canal 80,393,004 tons; total, 362,992,017 tons. From Mauch Chunk region, 138,523 tons.

☞ Bills of the denomination of $50 on the Chemical Bank, New York, altered from ones, are in circulation in New York. They are so well executed as to deceive some of the brokers.

☞ The drought in Florida, which continued at the last accounts, up to the 13th instant, is said to be more severe and distressing than has been experienced in that climate for many years.

☞ According to Capt. Laws, Manager of the Leeds and Manchester Railway, England, thirteen tons of cucumbers are occasionally sent from Northampton to Manchester in one day.

☞ It is computed there are about twenty thousand members of the Order of the Sons of Temperance in the United States, comprised in nearly two hundred subordinate divisions.

☞ Several beautiful omnibusses have been started at Lancaster, Pa. In a little time there will be one or more omnibusses in every large town in the United States.

☞ The Cloister at Litchtenthal near Baden Baden, has existed seven centuries. The seven hundredth anniversary of its foundation was solemnized on the 7th ult.

☞ A century ago there were only ninety-five Dissenting chapels in Wales; in 1810 they had increased to 954; and in 1832 to no fewer that 1,428.

Personal News.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—George H. Walker, Register of the land office at Milwaukie, Wisconsin, *vice* Paraclete Potter, whose commission will expire on the 1st July, 1845.

Nathan Bardin, Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue at Bristol, Rhode Island, vice Elkanah French, whose commission will expire July 8th, 1845.

Licius Lyon, Surveyor General of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, from 30th June, 1845, vice William Johnson, resigned.

Henry Hicks, Collector of the Customs for the District of Delaware, vice Arnold Naudain, whose commission will expire on the 1st July, 1845.

Robert H. Merchant, Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue at Dumfries, Virginia, vice Geo. H. Cockrell, whose commission will expire July 8th, 1845.

John B. Guthrie, Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, vice William B. Moory, removed.

William N. Friend, Postmaster at Petersburg, Virginia, in the place of John Minge, removed.

Joseph M. Doty, Postmaster at Ogdensburg, N. York, from the 10th July next, when the commission of the present incumbent will expire.

Whitacre O'Neal, Postmaster at Steubenville, Ohio, from the 29th June, when the commission of the present incumbent expired.

Benjamin F. Rawls, Postmaster at Columbia, South Carolina, from the 29th June, when the commission of the present incumbent, A. H. Gladden, expired.

William G. Smith, Postmaster at Macon, Georgia, on the 1st instant, in the place of Kneeland Tyner, whose commission expired on the 28th ult.

George Crawford, Postmaster of Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 1st inst., in the place of Wm. H. H. Taylor, whose commission expired on the 28th ult.

J. B. B. Hale, Postmaster at Wheeling, Virginia, on the 1st inst., in the place of David Agner, whose commission expired on the 29th ult.

Charles McKibbin, Postmaster at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on the 16th of July next, in the place of R. M. Riddle, whose commission will expire on the 15th.

Jacob Medary, as deputy Postmaster at Columbus, Ohio, from the 29th June, in the place of John G. Miller, whose commission on that day expired.

Henry F. Baker, as deputy Postmaster, at Winchester, Virginia, from the 29th June, in the place of John Wall, whose commission on that day expired.

Michael Edwards, Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue at Wheeling, Virginia, vice Saml. Atkinson, whose commission will expire July 22d, 1845.

☞ Commencement at Princeton was held on Wednesday week. Fifty-two degrees of B. A. were conferred; D. D. on Rev. Geo. W. Musgrave, of Baltimore, and Rev. Samuel K. Tallmadge, President of the Oglethorpe University, Georgia; L. L. D. on Elias Van Arsdale, Esq., of Newark, N. J.

☞ Mr. Lester, the U. S. Consul at Genoa, but now in New York, has brought with him to this country a variety of Grape Vine, which will yield a wine superior to Champagne.

☞ James Sheridan Knowles, the Mirror says, has been offered a large sum to write a book abusing the Americans, which he promptly and indignantly refused.

☞ The Rev. Samuel B. Wylie, D. D., has sailed from New York for Liverpool, in the packet ship St. George. A series of resolutions was adopted by the Alumni and Under Graduates of the Collegiate Department of the University of Pennsylvania highly and justly complimentary. It has been resolved by them to request Dr. Wylie, on his return from Europe, to sit for his portrait, which, when finished, shall be presented to the University, and hung up in the College Hall.

☞ William Smith, brother of Jo and Hiram Smith, of Nauvoo, announces that the office of Patriarch has descended to him in consequence of the death of his two brothers, and that he is ready to receive calls from the Saints to confer upon them Patriarchal blessings. Perhaps the Saints think they are as good Patriarchs as William, and would rather he should call on them.

☞ At the commencement of Delaware College on Wednesday week, the degree of L. L. D. was conferred on the Hon. Louis McLane, of Baltimore, the newly appointed Minister to London.

☞ Lieut. Buford, of the U. S. Army, charged with having caused the death of his own child, an infant, at Paducah, Ky., some weeks since, was tried last week on the charge, and acquitted.

☞ A young preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and of the name of Nicholson, is making a great sensation at Mobile, by his eloquence.

☞ Crawford, the sculptor, has modelled an admirable bust of President Quincy, of Cambridge College.

Army & Navy.

☞ The United States Steam Revenue Cutter George M. Bibb, left Pittsburg on Tuesday week, on her way down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans. The Pittsburg American says:—The Bibb draws 9 feet. She started with 12½ feet in the channel. She may probably run ahead of the rise and have to lay by till it overtakes her. The Bibb may be regarded as an experimental ship, built for the ocean service, and completely rigged for sea—2,000 miles from salt water.

Since the above was in type we regret to learn that the Bibb, on her passage down, sunk a short distance below Marietta. She sprung a leak and had 7 feet water in the hold before they could gain on it. She was immediately run upon a bar, where she will remain until the injury she has sustained can be repaired.

☞ The Brooklyn Advertiser states that the sloop of war John Adams, lying at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, is nearly ready for sea. It is supposed she will sail in about three weeks for the Gulf of Mexico. The store ship, Erie, will sail shortly for China. The sloop of war Lexington, is laid up in ordinary; and the frigate Macedonian, and sloop of war Dale, are both stripped for repairs. The frigate Sabine, and sloop of war Albany, are still upon the stocks, and may be fitted for launching in about a month.

☞ In addition to the squadron at Vera Cruz, under Com. Conner, and at Galveston, under Captain Stockton, a small fleet of Revenue Cutters has been ordered to that station. The Woodbury is already there, and the Geo. M. Bibb sailed from Pittsburg on the 24th ult., to co-operate with the Woodbury, as express despatch vessels. All these vessels can concentrate on any one point in a week's notice.

☞ The court martial appointed to try Captain Voorhees on a new charge is composed as follows:—Commodore John Downes, President —Captains Stephen Cassin, Henry E. Ballard, Lawrence Kearney, George Washington Storer, David Geisinger, Charles S. M'Cauley, Silas H. Stringham, French Forrest. [illegible], Esq., Judge Advocate.

☞ The [illegible]que Miquelon, arrived at Boston Saturday, from Rio Janeiro, 11th May, reports that she passed, going into Rio, the U. S. brig Bainbridge, leaving in company an American brig, supposed to be the Sterling, from the Coast of Africa. The Miquelon left at Rio the U. S. frigate Raritan.

☞ The commander of H. B. M. ship "Alfred," under date of January 8, 1845, returns, in the name of the Queen, grateful thanks for aid from the United States Squadron, in removidg from the beach at Montevideo her Majesty's steam frigate Gorgon.

☞ We learn that the United States steamer Chautauque, will spend the summer in surveying the shores of Lake Erie instead of Lake Huron.

SALES OF STOCKS.

1461 shares Wilmington R. R.	16½
300 do. Reading R. R.	27¼
80 do. Vicksburg Bank,	5a5½
50 do. Lehigh Navigation,	14½
$6000 Penna 5's,	76½
$1400 Penna 5's,	76¼
$5000 Reading R. R. 6's, 1850,	74
$2000 Reading R. R. 6's, 1850,	74½
$200 County 5's, 1870,	103
$110 Penna 6's, new, an	76½

DIVIDENDS.

The Phenix Bank of New York has declared a dividend of three per cent. for the last six months, payable on the 10th July.

The United States Fire Insurance Company has declared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent., payable on the 5th July.

The Seventh Ward Bank, a semi-annual dividend of three per cent., payable on the 1st July.

The Merchants' Bank of Baltimore, a dividend of three per cent. for the last half year, payable on the 7th July.

The Western Bank of Baltimore a dividend of two and a half per cent. for the last six months.

NEW COUNTERFEITS.

$20 bills new Bank of Charleston, payable in N. York, are said by the Augusta Constitutionalist to be in circulation at Columbus, Ga. Also, $100 notes, counterfeit, of the South-Western Railroad, Charleston.

Counterfeit 1's on the Mohawk Bank at Schenectady, have been flying around our streets pretty freely for the past day or two. The one before us is numbered 300—date, Aug. 1, 1843—payable to N. Garnsey, or bearer—John J. DeGraff, President—W. B. Walton, Cashier—purporting to be engraved by Murray, Draper, Fairman & Co. The paper is light, and the counterfeit, though pretty well executed, may easily be detected by those acquainted with the genuine.—*Buffalo Pilot.*

A new counterfeit has made its appearance in this city, of which the first specimen detected was shown us by Mr. Allen Kramer. It is on the North-Western Bank of Virginia, at Wheeling—Denomination $10. The engraving is coarse, light vignette, agricultural implement and steamboat in the distance. Pay A. Williams—dated Wheeling, May 1, 1844, immediately over the president's name, and also over that of the cashier. There is no imprint on the genuine notes of this denomination.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

OUR BETHEL FLAG STILL WAVING.—Sabbath afternoon, at four o'clock, a sermon will be preached, on the "*Love of Christ,*" on board the floating Bethel lying at the wharf between Walnut and Dock street. In the morning, at ten o'clock, preaching at the same place.

Rev. THOS. PORTER, Seamens' Missionary.

HEALTH OFFICE, JUNE 28, 1845.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 21st to the 28th June.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Angina Pectoris,	1	0	Brought over,	38	59
Apoplexy,	3	0	Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0
Cancer,	1	0	Fever,	0	1
——Stomach,	2	0	——Scarlet,	0	6
——Uterus,	1	0	——Typhus,	0	1
Casualties,	2	0	Hernia,	1	0
Croup,	0	1	Hæmorrhage from Stomach,	1	0
Congestion of the Brain,	0	3	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	4
Cholera Infantum,	0	27	——Bronchi,	0	1
Colic,	0	1	——Lungs,	1	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	11	5	——Stomach and Bowels,	5	4
Convulsions,	1	4	——Liver,	1	0
Compression of the Brain,	1	0	Inanition,	0	2
Diarrhœa,	1	4	Laryngeal Phthisis,	1	0
Dropsy,	2	0	Mania a Potu,	2	0
——Head,	0	8	Marasmus,	0	8
Disease of Brain,	1	0	Measles,	1	2
——Heart,	1	0	Old Age,	3	0
——Lungs,	0	1	Scirrhus,	1	0
——Bowels,	0	1	Sore Mouth,	0	2
——Hip,	0	1	Small Pox,	1	3
Drowned,	3	1	Still Born,	0	7
Dysentery,	5	0	Tabes Mesenterica,	0	2
Debility,	1	9	Unknown,	0	1
Effusion on Brain,	0	2	Whooping Cough,	0	1
Erysipelas,	1	0			
Carried over,	38	59	Total,	163—56	165

Of the above there were 8 from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 20 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June 22,	70	74	73
23,	68	72	79
24,	75	82	87
25,	72	78	81
26,	70	79	84
27,	74	80	84
28,	73	73	69

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from the 17th to the 29th June.

June 17, received from			
J. F. Morrow	2 00	A. N. Sayer	5 00
D. Grthe	2 00	C. N. Lines	2 00
W. L. Jacobs	1 00	J. H. Borley	8 00
P. H. Davidson	4 00	L. Cannon	4 00
R. P. King	2 00	R. Rugeley	2 00
F. W. Carter	4 00	J. W. Duvall	2 00
J. Woolens	2 00	A. B. Cunningham	3 00
H. Sooder	2 00	G. W. Henry	1 50
N. Mosher	2 00	J. Levering	2 00
W. Brown	2 00	W. Stephens	6 00
June 18.			
Maj. S. Jones	2 00	D. Miller	2 00
Mrs. M. Darrah	2 00	J. Elston	2 00
W. L. Foster, P.M.	7 00	J. Simmons	2 00
J. Williamson	3 00	Mrs. Conrad	1 00
J. Wilson	2 00	S. Dickson	2 00
W. R. Hall	6 00	P. Pratt	2 00
B. McDowell	10 00	R. Reed	1 00
J. Rogers, P.M.	10 00		
June 19.			
H. S. Eickeson	2 00	W. H. Browning	10 00
C. C. Abbott	2 00	J. W. Peters	2 00
O. P. Gilham	2 00	R. Hannum	2 00
W. R. Rawls	3 00	J. Hamilton	2 00
J. Dewey, Sr.	3 00	H. K. B. Ogle	2 00
C. Crafts	5 00	D. H. Cress	3 00
June 20.			
J. M. Haines	2 00	J. Young	2 00
D. Caulk	2 00	R. V. Cowell	4 00
W. H. C. Riggs	2 00	P. W. Douglass	1 00
G. P. Mercer	2 00	M. W. Evans	2 00
J. W. Ellison	6 00	P. H. Frost	2 00
J. Green	3 00	L. Howell	2 00
A. J. Gray	4 00		
June 21.			
B. A. Ray	6 00	F. W. Patten	7 00
J. Miller, P.M.	10 00	J. Mantell	2 00
M. J. Goodfellow, P.M.	5 00	J. Renkirt	1 50
J. W. Rauch	2 00	S. Boughten	2 00
J. P. King, P.M.	8 00	A. H. Weld, agt.	15 05
R. W. Stewart	6 50	W. B. Ely	2 00
O. J. Smith	2 00	W. S. Emley	4 00
F. Heuston	2 00	W. McGingan	2 00
L. H. Bullock	2 00	R. T. Leston	4 00
P. J. Laborde	2 00	J. W. Chester	2 00
E. C. Bailey	1 00	S. J. Parker	4 00
L. W. Green	2 00	W. C. Hughes	2 00
M. R. Wilkins	10 00		
June 23.			
M. Eagle	1 37	W. D. Dawson	2 00
P. Kuntz	2 00	T. Soden	2 00
S. Shearer	2 00	W. C. Reade	5 00
H. Booth	10 00	H. R. Towner	2 00
G. D. Thompson	2 00	E. S. Holman	6 00
J. Connor	2 00	A. E. Blakesley	1 00
R. W. Jenkins	10 00	J. Kogan	2 00
A. H. Waters	5 00	Dr. A. Tancy	2 00
U. Dengle	2 00	S. P. Rowley	7 00
J. Matley	2 00	C. M. Lewis	2 00
Mrs. E. McGee	3 00	G. W. Roberts	1 50
Dr. & Mrs. Alexander	10 00	W. W. Richards	1 50
G. Houlton	5 00	Anna West.	2 00
R. Titus	2 00		
June 24.			
J. D. Rine	2 00	C. U. Dunning	5 00
H. F. Gibson	2 00	J. P. Cook	4 00
M. Boulware	2 00	A. Manchester	2 00
Mrs. L. Borden	2 00	J. Stoddart	2 00
J. B. Smiley	10 00	W. Trask	1 25
C. H. Andrews	4 00	C. Griswold	2 00
W. D. Little	2 00	D. Lockwood	5 00
D. McDougall	2 00	W. L. Berry	4 00
G. W. Calvin	2 00	G. T. Clark	2 00
J. Edwards	2 00	Dr. E. C. Bateman	2 00
U. Sisby	2 00	W. Carney	1 00
June 25.			
Evans & Folsom	1 00	R. Cowles	2 00
A. B. Lynde	2 00	R. G. Barnes	2 00
E. K. Weaver	2 00	Maria Rush	2 00
Dr. J. H. Ware	3 00	J. Jones	6 00
A. Kitchell	1 00	R. F. Hawkins	2 00
J. H. Atkinson	6 00	S. H. Parrott	4 00
R. Morlidge	2 00		
June 26.			
Gen. Carson	1 00	J. N. Wilson	2 00
J. Hooker	3 00	W. P. Baker	2 00
K. Hager	4 00	A. Fairly	5 00
T. C. Parker	1 00	E. K. Smith	4 00
J. B. Marshall	2 00	B. H. Kimball	1 00
R. F. Adams	6 00		
June 27.			
A. J. H. Binney	1 00	T. Jones, Jr.	2 00
Dr. R. D. Lockridge	1 50	J. Hildebrand	4 00
H. W. Garrison	10 00	J. Senn	4 00
T. W. Mirow	4 00	P. M. Dobbins	12 30
W. D. Mercer	3 00	S. Searls	1 00
M. S. Wheeler	2 00	J. A. Parks	1 25
W. A. Marr	2 00	A. J. Miller	2 00
P. H. Fraley	6 00	A. Hall	2 00
J. Bush	2 00	T. Hulter	4 00
J. H. Kerthner, P.M.	1 00	M. Keen	2 00
H. F. Yard	5 00	G. Schober	2 00
G. Washington	2 00	H. P. Freeman	8 00
I. Newton	2 00	J. Few Smith	2 00
F. H. Purdy	15 00	G. Culin	2 00
J. W. Ford	1 00	S. W. Harris	10 00
S. Marshall	2 00	J. H. Buchan	2 00
N. M. Kessman	2 00	R. W. Hoskins	5 00
B. M. Hastings	5 00	Capt. P. Waples	6 00
W. B. Bell	3 00	E. W. Atmore	2 00
June 28.			
G. M. Morrill	2 00	P. Enders	3 00
H. R. Smith	7 00	T. Mott	2 00
J. Strickler	2 00	L. J. Burns	2 00
W. F. Given	2 00	H. Hathaway	2 00
R. Templin	2 00	E. T. Stowell	2 00
J. Vickers	2 00	J. Stevens	2 00
P. W. Bell	10 00	R. Patterson	5 00
A. M. Sill	4 00	L. Parker	2 00
S. Witherow	2 00	J. Van Ostrand	4 00
J. N. Lukens	2 00	Justin Pierce	7 00
G. Galloway	2 00	J. M. Read	1 50
E. S. Simmons	2 00	Dr. J. A. Hodges	1 50
T. Gillespie	2 00	J. Somers	2 00
J. Wilson	2 00	R. H. Baker	1 16
P. R. Hall	5 00	Miss H. C. Black	1 50
E. D. Filer	2 00		

ALMANAC

July, 1845.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
5 SATURDAY,	4 38	7 22	2 49	D. H. M.
6 SUNDAY,	4 38	7 22	3 21	
7 MONDAY,	4 38	7 22	3 53	
8 TUESDAY,	4 39	7 21	4 25	
9 WEDNESDAY,	4 39	7 21	4 59	New 4 11 29
10 THURSDAY,	4 40	7 20	5 58	First 12 9 21
11 FRIDAY,	4 40	7 20	6 23	Full 19 1 2
12 SATURDAY,	4 41	7 19	7 20	Last 25 10 19

Married,

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Boardman, Mr. WM. R. PEARCE, of Albany, New York, to Miss ELIZABETH G. PICKERING, of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Henry G. King, Mr. JOHN ROBINSON, to Miss SARAH W. MITCHELL, daughter of Mr. James Mitchell, merchant, all of Philadelphia.

At New Brunswick, N. J. on the 24th ult. by the Rev. James Ayars, Mr. THEODORE ASHMORE, to Miss HANNAH M. GOULDER.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Henry G. King, Mr. ANTHONY H. MILLER, of Waynesburg, Chester county, to Miss ANNE LENTNER, daughter of the late Geo. C. Lentner, Esq. of West Philadelphia.

In New York, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. J. C. Hardenberg, Mr. RICHARD R. ROBB, to Miss LOUISA M. BUSH, all of New York.

By the Rev. Geo. Chandler, on the 26th ult. Mr. SAML. BLACK, to Miss MARGARET MCCRACKEN.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Richard Lewis, Mr. BENJAMIN F. HOLMES, to Miss MARY A. WALTERS, both of East Kensington.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Richard Pickard, Mr. JOHN THORN, to Miss MARGARET THOMAS, all of Frankford, Pa.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Josiah Quigley, Mr. WM. DAVIS, to Miss ELIZA SPARK, both of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. JOHN WILSON SMITH, to Miss PHEBE VENEMAN, both of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Ashton, JOHN MARTIN, to Miss SOPHIA ECKERT, all of Spring Garden.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. John Keller, Mr. SAML. CHESNUT, to Miss REBECCA COPPEL, both of this city.

In New York, on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Pise, HENRY BENNETT, of Philadelphia, to Miss SARAH E. MILLER, of the former place.

Died,

On the 1st inst. Mrs. HANNAH EDWARDS, in the 79th year of her age.

On the 1st instant, after a severe illness, ELIZABETH BROWNING, daughter of Wm. Browning, in the 15th year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 1st inst. Mr. JONATHAN COLLUM, in the 61st year of his age.

On the 30th ult. in her 66th year, AGNES, wife of Wm. Moore.

On the 9th ult. of lock jaw, HENRY AUGUSTUS, son of Jacob Von Nieda, in the 22d year of his age.

On the 29th ult. Mr. JAMES HOLMES, in the 42d year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 14th ult. in Somerset county, Md. Rev. WM. C. POULSON, of the Philada. Annual Conference, and formerly of this city.

At Oxford, N. Y., Mr. TRISTRAM RICHARDS, aged 84 years, a soldier of the Revolution, and at West Point when Arnold's treason was discovered.

At Chelmsford, Mass. on the 18th ult. WM. FLETCHER, aged 90 years, a soldier of the Revolution.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. SARAH MCMACKIN, in the 53d year of her age.

Suddenly, on the 29th ult. at Upper Dublin, Montgomery county, Pa., Dr. JOHN JONES, in the 75th year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 28th ult. JULIANA TAYLOR.

Suddenly, on the 29th ult. EMMA, infant daughter of John and Martha Airey.

On the 28th ult. MARY HOUSAM, aged 67 years.

On 7th-day, the 28th ultimo, MARTHA JONES, aged 76 years.

On the 28th ult. SARAH DOUGHERTY, in the 5th year of her age.

On the 29th ult. Mr. GEO. P. BUSHA, in the 24th year of his age.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. ISABELLA MURRAY, in the 78th year of her age.

On the 29th ult. SARAH ANN, daughter of Nathan and Ann Lewis, aged 5 months and 19 days.

At Havre de Grace, in the 75th year of his age, ZENAS WELLS, formerly of this city, on the 29th ult.

On 6th day, 26th ult. REBECCA T. BARTRAM, eldest daughter of the late Moses Bartram, druggist, of this city, in the 74th year of her age.

On the 27th ult. MARY ANN, infant daughter of W. V. and Matilda M. Gartland, aged 3 months and 4 days.

On fifth-day, 26th ult. ROBERT J. THOMAS, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 26th ult. MARY JANE, only daughter of A. W. and Ann A. Allen, in the 2d year of her age.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. RACHEL SELL, widow of the late Jacob Sell.

On the 25th ult. LAWRENCE GREEN, aged 19 months, son of Jacob Green.

On the 23d ult. Mr. WM. BARROVEN, in the 37th year of his age.

On the 29th ultimo, LOUISA DEWEY, aged 34 years.

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CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—At market, 980 head of beef cattle, including 400 from Ohio and Kentucky. 360 sold, 400 for New York, at $5a6,50. Cows and Calves—225 offered. Sales made at $6a12 for dry cows; $10a15 for springers; and $12a24 for milch cows. Swine—420 in market. Sales at $4a5. Sheep and Lambs—1000 offered. Sales of sheep at $1,50a3, and lambs at $1a2 each; 100 left over.

Brighton, near Boston, June 23.—At market, 520 beef cattle, 40 pairs working oxen, 40 cows and calves, 1600 sheep, and about 500 swine. Prices—Beef Cattle—We quote extra cattle $6; first quality $5,50a5,75, and 2d do. $5,25. Working Oxen—Sales noticed at $72, 76, 78 and $91½. Cows and calves dull. Sales noticed were at $18, 21, 23, 28, 32, and one at $47,50. Sheep—Sales noticed at $1,25, 2,50 and $2,75. Swine—Dull; at wholesale 4¼c for sows and 5 for barrows. At retail 5a6c. A few head of beef cattle remain unsold.

Baltimore, June 27.—Beef Cattle—The supply since our last weekly report amounted to 360 head, of which 46 remained unsold, and the balance were taken by city butchers at prices ranging from $2 to 3 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $3,50a5,75 nett. Hogs—Rates have advanced, and sales have been made at $4,87½, and several lots of superior descriptions have been taken at $5. The average is about $4,75.

Richmond, June 26.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,50a2,75; nett $5a5,50, according to quality.—Mutton—$1½a2, nett, according to quality. Lambs from $1,50 to 2. Veals from $3 to 8, according to size and quality.

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READ!IT! IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF, AND COMMENTS ARE UNNECESSARY.

Philadelphia, May 26, 1845.

DR JAYNE.—Dear Sir: I feel bound to the afflicted to give publicity to the extraordinary effects of your valuable Medicines.

I have suffered for seven years past, with Liver Complaint, and the train of diseases which follow—a complete prostration of my system—so that it was with great difficulty I could walk one or two squares without resting, and at times I had to be helped. To add to my misery, a Scrofulous affection appeared in my throat. I had the advice of some eminent physicians, and tried nearly all the remedies in such cases, but continued to grow worse, and finally became afflicted with Rheumatism in my arms, so that I could not raise my right arm to my head. In the hottest weather my feet and hands would ache with the cold, and perspiration had almost ceased. I now became afflicted with a dry hoarse cough, and gave up all hopes of ever getting well. I had, at this stage, night sweats, and little or no sleep, with frightful dreams and morbid headache. I seemed to be bordering on INSANITY, and was denied all mental study. I could not read a short paragraph in a newspaper without great difficulty. During this time I had great soreness in my stomach, which caused it to swell so much that I was unable to lie down, or even to recline, but had to be propped up in a chair. It seemed as though a speedy dissolution was taking place.

I now heard of your Medicines, and determined to try your SANATIVE PILLS, and to my surprise the soreness left me, so that I could walk about the house. I continued to improve from that time. Shortly after I commenced taking the Pills, my wife called at your Store, and stated my case to you, and you sent me a bottle of your SANATIVE, or LIFE PRESERVATIVE, and also word to come and see you, and you would investigate my case, and cure me. This I did not believe, as I felt I was beyond the reach of human skill. I continued to take your Alterative and Pills for one week, when I was able to call on you, at which time you gave me but little encouragement; but I continued taking your Medicines for three weeks, when there was a decided change for the better. When I called on you again, you then said I would get well, and that your Alterative would cure me effectually. With no higher hopes of getting well, I still continued taking your Alterative, until I had taken the fourth bottle, when there was a sudden change in my whole system, as though I had got rid of some great burthen, and I could draw my breath as usual. My nerves gradually became strong, and my appetite returned.

It has been about four months since I commenced taking your Medicines, and at this time nearly every vestige of disease is eradicated from my system. I am as active, and nearly as strong, as at any period of my life. I have now gained nine pounds in two months.

I have good reason to believe that the use of your invaluable Medicines has, by the help of God, has saved me from a premature grave.

JOSEPH BARBAR,
Hallowell Court, in Poplar Street,
between Seventh and Eighth sts.

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N. B.—No charge for Medical Advice. [je 21 3m.

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In this time which has served for the life and death of whole generations of periodicals, and the rise, meridian, and decline of many a rival, THE POST has kept the even tenor of its way, by its own intrinsic health and strength—now following, oftener leading the public taste, but not departing from its independence to minister to the transient newspaper follies, which, compared to the existence of the POST, are indeed ephemeral. We shall continue in this path, endeavoring, in the

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to present the latest and best authenticated intelligence, divested of party hue, and interested bias, and resting solely on the basis of truth, as far as it is ascertainable. We endeavor to select and publish intelligence of value and importance to citizens engaged in all the three great interests,

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may offer. The original translations from European Literature which have from time to time appeared in this journal, are referred to as an earnest that we have

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my 24-10t* ALLEN BARNETT.

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THE FAVORABLE RESULTS EXPERIENCED by Patients suffering from various diseases, where a usual course of medicine is of no avail, and which were effected within the last two years by a scientific Water Cure in my Hydropathic Institute, in Reinholdsville, Lancaster county, have brought this beneficial method of imparting health to the deranged human system into high repute with the public. Necessarily confined within narrow limits at my present location, I felt myself under the necessity of looking out for a situation suitable for the reception of many Patients, uniting every thing that may possibly be required in a scientific Water Cure establishment.

Respecting the advantages of this method of curing diseases, I offer the following testimonials. Extract from Dr. Washington L. Atlee's Lecture, introductory to the course of Medical Department of Pennsylvania College, Philadelphia, for the Session 1844-45:

"In Germany, indeed, under the name of *hydropathy*, it is regarded as a universal remedy, curing inflammations of the brain, chest, and abdomen, insanity, epilepsy, phthisis, gout, rheumatism, all exanthematous and cutaneous diseases, hemorrhages, alvine obstructions, syphilis, scrofula, neuralgia, &c. &c.—and even hydrophobia, the very *water-horror* itself, is effectually cured by this wonder-working *water-medicine!* whether by *submersion*, continued until the spasm has been *permanently* subdued or not, I have not been informed. Still, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the followers of the 'primitive philosopher,' Priessnitz, we may truly exclaim with Southey:—

> 'Most blessed water! Neither tongue can tell
> The blessedness thereof, nor heart can think,
> Save only those to whom it hath been given,
> To taste of that divinest gift of heaven.
> I stopped and drank of that divinest well,
> Fresh from the rock of ages, where it ran;
> It had a heavenly quality to quell
> All pain. I rose a renovated man;
> And would not now, when that belief was known,
> For worlds the needful suffering have foregone.'"

TRANSLATION.—FROM CONSTANTIN HERRING, M. D. I take pleasure in certifying Dr. Leisering, that the Hydropathy, or the art of curing by means of cold water, is, according to my firm conviction and long experience, of exceedingly salutary effect on the human constitution, and particularly so in chronic diseases. Several of my acquaintances are indebted to this system for their final recovery, after having suffered for years of affections which defied the exertions of every medical skill. I am the more willing to give publicity to this testimonial and recommendation of Hydropathy, as I feel convinced that the treatment with cold water will not only cure all chronic affections, without impairing, but even with strengthening vitality. CONSTANTIN HERRING, M. D.

The same is corroborated by the testimonial of C. Neidhard, M. D., and several other physicians of high standing.

It is the first Medical Water Cure Institute in this State, situate in Lancaster county, called the Garden of Pennsylvania. The establishment is placed in the very midst of this garden, at Ephrata, on an eminence near the shades of an extensive wood, being the highest point of mountains in the county, rich in beauty and health, and supplied with excellent, wholesome water, calculated to accommodate many patients and visitors with boarding, lodging, and medical treatment. Ephrata itself is immediately situated on a cross road, from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, and from Lancaster to Reading, 58 miles from Philadelphia, 40 miles from Harrisburg, 13 miles from Lancaster, and 18 miles from Reading. With the 15th of May, in each year, the Summer season commences in this Institute—although for Patients there is no season in the year which will exclude them from the Medical treatment pursued therein. Occasional visitors, however, desiring merely to renovate their system by enjoying the country and its invigorating breezes, the vapor baths, water drinking, bathing, *douche*, exercise and diet—generally select the Summer for that purpose.

Letters, asking for more particular information, free of postage, will be promptly answered.

je 14-4t LEISERING, M. D., *Ephrata, Penna.*

☞ REMOVED. ☜

I WOULD INFORM MY FRIENDS THAT I have removed my store from No. 20 South Third St. to the large and splendid warehouse, No. 8 South THIRD near MARKET street, where I am prepared to furnish my friends and customers, not only with my own popular FAMILY MEDICINES, viz: JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE or Life Preservative, HAIR TONIC, HAIR DYE, VERMIFUGE, CARMINATIVE, SANATIVE PILLS & AGUE PILLS;

but having also on hand a very large stock of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, DYE STUFFS, ESSENTIAL OILS, GLASSWARE, PERFUMERY, &c.

In fact everything usually kept by wholesale dealers, and having made my purchases wholly for CASH and from first hands, I am enabled to execute orders, at as low prices, as pure, and unadulterated articles as can be obtained from any other establishment in the Union. Druggists, physicians, manufacturers and dealers are invited to call and examine my stock before they make their purchases.

Philada., May 24, 1845. DAVID JAYNE.

my 24 6m

CANCER, SCROFULA AND GOITRE.—Ample experience has proved that no combination of medicine has ever been so effectual in removing the above diseases, as JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE, or Life Preservative. It has effected cures that have been truly astonishing, not only of Cancer and other diseases of that class, but has removed the most stubborn diseases of the Skin, Swellings, Dyspepsia, &c. &c. This medicine enters into the circulation and eradicates diseases wherever located. It purifies the blood and other fluids of the body, removes obstruction in the pores of the skin, and reduces enlargements of the glands or bones. It increases the appetite, removes headache and drowsiness, invigorates the whole system, and imparts animation to the diseased and debilitated constitution. There is nothing superior to it in the whole materia medica. It is perfectly safe and extremely pleasant, and has nothing of the disgusting nausea accompanying the idea of swallowing medicine.

Prepared and sold at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. Price $1 a bottle. my 17-3m

PETERSON'S PERIODICAL ESTABLISHMENT is at No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where "Graham's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," the "Ladies' National Magazine," and all the "Magazines" and CHEAP PUBLICATIONS can be ordered or obtained. Orders addressed, post paid, or franked, to T. B. PETERSON, No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, will meet with prompt attention.

Selected Poetry.

THE EDITOR.

BY JOHN BROWN.

Sir! Sir! Sir!
From morn here till twilight glows,
He's a "former" there in his shirty room,
Away the moments fly
And the world moves with unseen die,
Moves guily on—but the world wishes
To tell, and now
No turn leaves he in the weary day,
But the man there shows his busy play,
As he turns the crank.

Think! Think! Think!
Is the mind's bright forge for ever there?
For the anvil beneath the hammer's clink!
Not so the fire that lights the brain
Of him who wears the gaiter chain,
Or makes the prose gang go;
He must flash with lighter and glow with heat,
With quill in hand his brains must beat—
But never under a blow!

Write! Write! Write!
Though *fancy* soars on a *forced* wing,
The same will her tribune celestial bring,
Not on a weary flight!
And reason's powers and memory's store
Must prove their strength, and bring to bear
Antique, sage, and new lore,
For these in the mind's crucible and pericle,
Must go to form every "leading article"
Of argument—win—smile in.

Chip! Chip! Chip!
No "challenging" shears his hand doth hold,
But those with which the correct gold,
By lawful right he'll clip!
The *top* or *gone*, for the will not fail
Of a prompt return with the "morning mail"
A faster fall of "endearment,"
And then the editor opens and skims—
Accidents—deaths—fires—murders—crimes!
As over the world he ranges!

Paste! Paste! Paste!
With a camel's hair brush, and a broken cup,
He pastes the scattered paragraphs up,
And sticks them on as haste!
The fog-horn's blast is not more clear,
Nor heaven air, they're waiting for copy now!
He says in accents solemn;
"The forms must be filled"—I soon return!"
The outside form, with scraps of prose,
The inside may be a column!"

Artificial Life.

FLORENCE PRESERVED;
OR, THE FEARFUL *FAS.*

In the solitude of his library, immersed in objective thought, and raising no vacancy, the Right Honorable the Earl of Blazenfield was reading with his head on the floor. Erect and lofty stood his Lordship, with his legs apart, and a coat-tail reposing on either arm.

How long the noble Earl's reverie might have lasted, it is as impossible as it is bootless to say. He was suddenly roused from it by a cautious tap at the door, in answer wherein he condescended to say, "Come in."

A liveried domestic noiselessly and reverently approached, bearing a letter entered note on a silver salver. The Earl of Blazenfield, with his usual deliberation, opened and read it, and then, in a stately tone, said to the menial—"Inform her Ladyship that I am at leisure." The man, with a low obeisance, withdrew.

The communication which his Lordship had thus received was from his noble Countess, who had despatched it from her boudoir to request that she might be allowed to intrude on her Lordship's privacy for a few minutes on the subject of her own affairs.

The Earl received his lady on her entrance into the library with the most dignified courtesy, politely begging her to be seated. With the usual acknowledgments, she acceded to the civil request.

"And now," said the nobleman, "may I be permitted to ask your Ladyship's pleasure?"

"Pardon me, my Lord," answered Lady Blazenfield, "the occasion which has compelled me to seek your Lordship is aught but pleasurable."

"How, my Lady?" the Earl had nearly exclaimed; but he was not certain whether she was serious or joking—or, if joking, whether or not she was taking that liberty at his expense. The expression of his surprise, therefore, was simply physiognomical.

"Lord Blazenfield," said the Countess, "we have to request your perusal of the document," and she handed him a letter. Her lips, as she spoke, were rather compressed, and her voice slightly indicated subdued emotion.

His Lordship, with a magnificent bow, received the missive; and then, with his double eye-glass, proceeded to inspect the envelope. Having done so, he observed, causing his eyes to her Ladyship—"This, I perceive, is addressed to the Lady Florence."

"To your Lordship's and my unfortunate daughter," said the Countess, coldly, but with stern emphasis. "Read it, Lord Blazenfield. The seal, you will perceive, is broken."

The Earl, resuming his eye-glass, brought it to bear upon the contents of the epistle. Its contents must have moved him powerfully; for as the first line met his gaze, a pure air actually perceptible start. As he read on, the air grew expanded, and its eyebrows rose, until they had reached the highest degree of dilatation and altitude of which they were capable consistently with the eye-glass evidently trembling on one hand, and the letter on the other, he stood, when he had done reading, and gazed upon Lady Blazenfield, whose heaving orbs met his enlarged ones, whilst a decided frown ruffled her brow of marble.

Well might the letter have agitated the lofty pair; for it began with "Dearest Papa and Mamma," and ended with "Everlastingly Yours —Alfred Bailey." Intermediate between these portions of it, there was actually a proposal of marriage!

"Where found you this, my lady?" demanded the thunderstruck peer.

In the conservatory," replied the peeress, "where I have every reason to believe it was this morning dropped, after having been the object of the most objectionable meditations."

So far was the noble Earl carried away by his feeling, that he actually gave utterance to an exclamation, two or three of those ejaculations in which ordinary persons express themselves when excited. It was awful to behold the nobleman thus amid in the latter. But suddenly a bright thought crossed his brain—if we may attribute so common an origin to such a nobleman as his lordship—and he exclaimed, "Lady Blazenfield, is it possible that this may be a hoax?"

"A hoax, my lord," replied the countess, "do you conceive that anybody could have written it seriously?"

"Is not that," said his lordship, "more probable than a supposition so derogatory as any other would be to our daughter?"

"True," assented Lady Blazenfield.

"We can decide this point at once," he saying, the earl despatched a domestic in request the attendance of Lady Florence "I do not like to charge," "this is not yet aware," continued the nobleman, "that the Duke of Dumfries has made proposals for her hand."

"We will, therefore," said Lady Blazenfield, "begin by announcing that circumstance to her."

"Her reception of that intelligence in a becoming spirit will prove that our apprehensions were unfounded, and that she is worthy."

"Truly," exclaimed the indignant countess. But here entered the Lady Florence.

"Florence," said his lordship, addressing his beautiful daughter, "I have to apprise you of a distinguished honor which has been conferred upon our family."

"You don't say so!" How, papa?" inquired the lovely Florence.

"In your person, Florence. You are to know that we are not delighted that his grace the Duke of Dumfries has formally solicited your hand."

"I wish his grace may get it," was the reply of Florence.

The earl stared considerably on hearing these words. A peculiarity in their tone seemed to puzzle him. "Very pert, Florence," said he, "you wish he may get it. So do I. The proposal of his grace does not appear to please you?"

"My lord," said Florence, "you misunderstand me."

"Hey? What! How!" ejaculated her noble father!

"I don't have the Duke of Dumfries," said the light-born, but plain-spoken young lady.

Lady Florence Blazenfield!" exclaimed the countess, with horror.

"Not have the Duke of Dumfries!" echoed the earl, as soon as he could recover his utterance. "Girl, you must take it into your pericle."

"I did enough," said the Lady Florence, "to make myself sure that my parents' reasons could be slight."

The earl felled his arms, and assumed a look of stern majesty. The countess rose from her chair, and looking it at once length surveyed her daughter from top to toe.

"Florence!" cried his nobility at length, in an awful tone, "are we to understand with the author of this production?" And he handed her the fatal letter.

She was silent and hung her head.

"I say, girl, answer!" roared the earl. His face, as he spoke, turned ghastly pale, whilst that of the countess assumed the semblance of the Gorgon.

"Who is he," demanded Lord Blazenfield, in a guttural note.

"An artist," answered Florence.

The countess positively screamed, and sank down in her chair. The earl actually swore, and his face became incarnadined.

"An artist," pleaded the daughter, "but a very, very young one. No noble-minded—and oh, so handsome!"

The noble parents yelled in concert so audibly, that it is much to be feared they were heard by some of the domestics. By a great effort they summoned their feelings; when the earl, in a tone of dreadful calmness, commanded his daughter to retire. The weeping girl obeyed.

This was too much for the earl to stand; so he sat down, and, least his forehead on his hand. The countess—must it be confessed?—actually cried. But a while the noble pair almost resembled a common couple who had just had an explosion with quite their temper. Awful must have been the sufferings which could have wrung them thus from their dignity.

Why record their incoherent expressions of lamentation?

"What!"—wildly asked the Countess at last, "what—what can have occasioned her?"

The Earl groaned. At last he replied, after a pause, and as if the idea were more than mortal conception, "I think she must be deranged."

"Let us hope she is," said the lady mother.

"No doubt of it," declared Lord Blazenfield. "At all events she must be treated as if she were."

Her ladyship assented; and they instantly sat down to concert a letter to the family physician in regard to their unfortunate child. In the meantime a footman who had been listening to the conversation through the key-hole ran and told every other man in it Florence's waiting-maid, who lost no time in retailing it, with divers embellishments relative to powder, waistcoats and loss of hair, to her young mistress.

The letter having been finished, the Earl went for it, and the Countess retired to the apartment of her daughter, to see what could be done with her. But the less said of this the better. Judge of her horror, indignation, fury! But what must have been the feelings of this unhappy child, when after a week's ineffectual pursuit of the fugitive, they received from her a letter signed "F. Bailey" in which she implored, but despaired of forgiveness; and admitted that the writer and her husband had nothing to depend upon but their own exertions. And then followed a touching appeal to parental pride in the high accomplishments—fully acknowledged —which had formed part of her education, were hinted at as contemplated sources of revenue. What in the name of wonder could the dreadful child the mean? In a few days the mystery was solved. A fashionable morning journal contained the following announcement:

"It is rumored that the *honorable* Mistress Bailey, who will shortly make her *debut* in the upper circles, is a distinguished member of the peerage. Such, at least, is the *on dit* circulated by his name. The writer may be deceived